Saturday Night

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Miller

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: A different view. (Page 4)

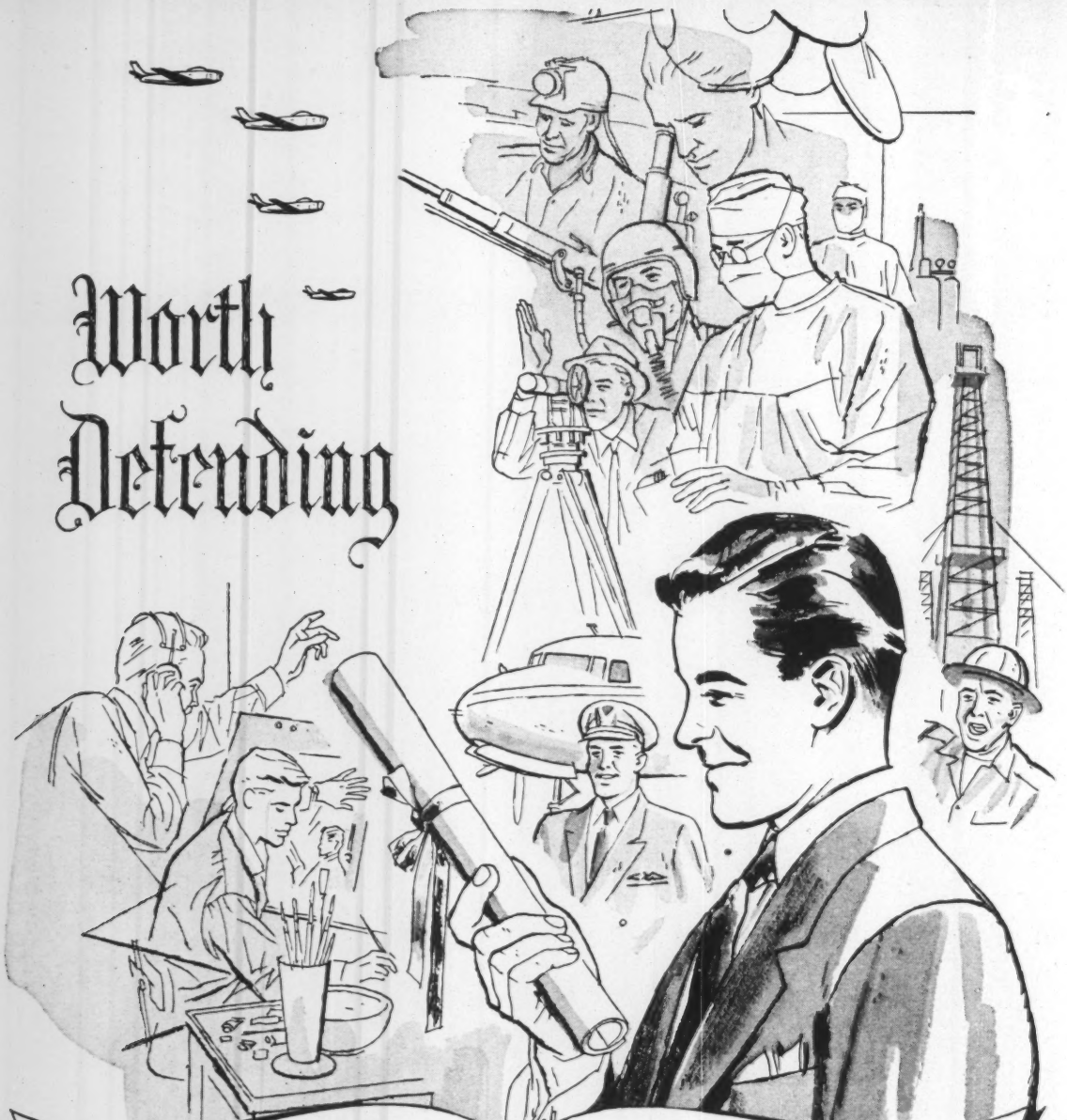
The Front Page

For several weeks now, as the French haggled and fought over the fragments of their Indo-Chinese empire and the West Germans talked with more of a Prussian accent, the people of North America have been hearing a great deal about "co-existence". It started when Sir Winston Churchill suggested to newspapermen in Washington that "we ought to have a try for peaceful co-existence—a real good try for it". Since then, writers and speakers have seized on the word as if it revealed some new and startling truth that would illuminate the murky course of world affairs. But shorn of its polysyllabic glitter, there is no magic in it, because it simply describes what the western nations have been trying to achieve since the end of World War II.

The story of the postwar years is the story of a fruitless attempt by western countries to build a world in which nations could live together in decent respect for each other's lives and possessions—the "peaceful co-existence" now being talked about. Conference after dismal conference, swollen armies, more and more terrible weapons

TIME: THE NEW DIMENSION
By Norman DeWitt: Page 7

Worth Defending



FREEDOM OF VOCATION

Freedom of Vocation is a human right that we, in the free world, have always enjoyed, except in cases of extreme national emergency. Our choice of an honest livelihood has never been restricted: you and I can be artist or labourer, — clerk, teacher, lawyer, — engineer or doctor, — anything we WANT or choose to be.

Freedom of Vocation stands squarely across the road to a controlled state . . . for, by its very nature, totalitarian rule is dedicated to the dark-age customs of regimentation and virtual slavery! Freedom of Vocation . . . is *worth defending!*

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are the monuments to the continued failure of that attempt—a failure that fundamentally is due to the refusal of the Communists, either through hate, fear or lust for power, to reach any sort of honest agreement with the democracies.

The Soviet has yet to give any solid evidence that the professed Communist yearning for peace is anything more than a convenient slogan for cynical propaganda. Only a year ago, the same Sir Winston who spoke about peaceful co-existence suggested that the idea of the Locarno Treaty of 1925 be revived: a European agreement that would not only guarantee mutual defence in case of an attack by Russia but would assure Russia of the help of the others if she were the victim of an attacker. The Soviet promptly rejected the proposal. The Soviet, we must assume, is not interested in living peacefully with what is left of the free world.

The West, of course, can only continue its efforts to get along with the Soviet. To try to force a settlement by the monstrous absurdity of a "preventive" war would be unthinkable. Still, we will not get peaceful co-existence merely by wishing it, or by persuasion that comes from weakness instead of strength. We can talk softly, but firmly—and never without a very big stick.

Closer to Quiet

A REASSURING bit of news came the other day from Chicago, where some great man, who one day may be ranked with Lincoln as a liberator of slaves, has produced a piano with a silencer on it. The piano, which runs on electricity, has a switch that shuts off the sound no matter how hard the keys are pounded, and a set of earphones to enable the player to listen to his own noise if he so desires. At worst, pianos are only minor irritants in a world hardened to constant clamor, but the Chicago invention suggests other glittering developments: silent jukeboxes, earphones for truckers who find solace during the lonely night hours in burping their motors, politicians who can be seen but not heard, and a host of other delightful possibilities. Silence may yet come (in the words of Holmes) "like a poultice . . . to heal the blows of sound".

A Convention Needed

ONE OF THE themes of George Hees, the new President of the National Progressive Conservative Association, as he goes about visiting local party groups and administering daily thumpings to the Liberals, is the weakness he sees in the present Federal Government. The Liberal administration is running out of talent, has become power-weary and is showing signs of decay, he believes. Recent cabinet

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changes would indicate that there is something in what he says, but unless the industrious Mr. Hees can supply the unifying force that has been sadly lacking in his party recently, the Conservatives are not going to be in any position to take advantage of a Liberal collapse.

From Manitoba to British Columbia the Conservatives are either moribund or in a state of revolt. Dufferin Roblin, the outspoken young man who is now the leader of the party in Manitoba, has not tried to hide his dissatisfaction with the national leadership. The same situation exists in British Columbia, where unhappy Conservatives have been going over to the Social Credit party. There has been no such obvious breakdown of party

Toronto Star

GEORGE HEES: Sagging posts.

discipline in Ontario, but it is no secret that discontent and doubt are eating into the party's support in this heartland of Canadian Conservatism, principally because of the blatant wooing of Premier Duplessis by George Drew. Further East, there seems to be indifference, a deadly lassitude that is as dangerous as rebellion.

With Mr. Drew holidaying after a long and dreary session of Parliament, the main burden of trying to patch the tattered Conservative fences has fallen on Mr. Hees. But however capable and energetic he may be, the best he can do is to prop up a few of the sagging posts until his leader returns and a comprehensive plan of fence-mending can be worked out.

The obvious need is for a national convention—not a routine gathering to approve tired, meaningless expressions of loyalty and enthusiasm, but an earnest congregation which will examine not only party organization but the whole structure of policy. The Conservative party is in a bad way; a convention is needed to make a diagnosis and recommended treatment. If there is a cancer in the party it must be cut out.

This is not just a matter of interest to Conservatives alone. It concerns the political well-being of the whole nation. It is necessary that Canada have a strong, enlightened party of the right—not one tied to quaint economic doctrines or racial antagonisms, but one truly national in scope and vision.

The Greatest Good

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL is not the man to welcome "platitudinous" as a description of what he has said. Yet, in his report to the British House of Commons after his recent visit to the United States, he says he would not fear the accusation if the "platitudes" (he was referring to newspaper criticism in America and England of the joint statement issued by Mr. Eisenhower and himself) "sought the greatest good of the greatest number".

His speech had all his old vigor and eloquence. Yet, in spite of its reasoned calmness and fine phrases, the platitude remains far more disturbing than any platitude has a right to be. There is an uneasy feeling that politics and statecraft, in their concern for the greatest number, have lost sight of the individual; that because we are so obviously no longer among "the greatest number", "the greatest good" no longer appeals; that we are still a long, long way from an answer to the old question of what is the greatest good.

Whose Loss?

WHAT PRECISELY is a loss leader? For weeks now a federal commission (bearing the tongue-twisting title of Restrictive Trade Practices Commission) has been gathering evidence in various cities, and everywhere it goes it hears something about loss leaders, most of it critical. But while the critics are unanimous in their hatred of what they call "loss leadering", they are oddly at variance in their definition of the term. To one man it seems to mean the selling of goods at no profit at all in order to attract customers; to another, it means selling at a price that an inefficient merchant cannot possibly match.

On the evidence presented so far, it will be difficult to convince the consumer that "loss leader" is anything but a misnomer. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association was told recently, "If you take the dealers' actual cost of an item as cost and define loss leaders as selling below cost, there has been little or no loss-leader selling in Canada". Moreover,

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it appears that what may be a "loss" price to one merchant can mean a profit to another.

Whatever definition may be chosen by the federal commission, the great concern of the consumer will be the effect of the commission's recommendations on competitive pricing. It would be grossly unfair to restrict such competition in any way merely to protect the inefficient merchant. If a businessman by offering better service or quality can persuade customers to pay higher prices than those of a competitor, all well and good; he is selling something extra. But if he offers nothing more and cannot operate without an extra margin of profit, then he does not deserve to stay in business. To protect inefficiency is to penalize both the consumer and the good merchandiser.

Signs of the Times

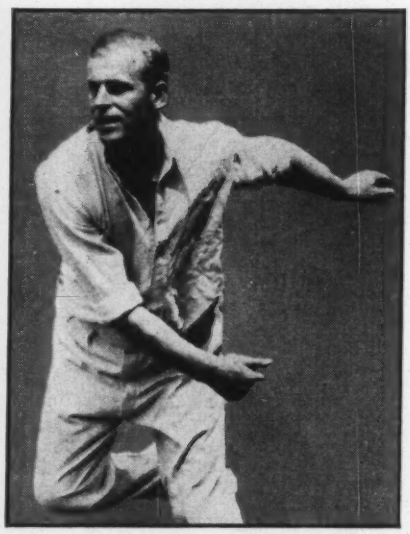
A TRAVELLER just returned from a journey through the Mid-West swears he saw this sign in the window of a laundry establishment in Chicago: "Ladies who care to drive by and drop off their clothes will receive prompt and courteous attention." In the East, the laundry people are more brusque, have less old-world charm. A laundromat in Toronto, for example, displays this sharp command: "Dump your clothes here. We do the rest."

Second Visit (*Cover Story*)

ON SUNDAY the Duke of Edinburgh sets out by plane for Rivers, Man., on the first leg of a journey that will take him across 15,000 miles of Canada before he steps aboard the royal yacht Britannia on Aug. 17 for the voyage back to the United Kingdom. The details of his travel-plan have been well publicized—the visits to various military establishments, attendance at the British Empire Games, the sight-seeing in the Northwest Territories and all the other stops in an itinerary almost as busy and exacting as that drawn up for the royal tour of 1951. But where before he saw Canadian cities rolled out before him in the pageantry of triumphal procession, this time he will be seeing what is back of the cities, what lies beyond the ordered fringe of the country.

The Duke's intense interest in sports and physical fitness is well known, of course, and there will be no more enthusiastic spectator at the Games in Vancouver—although he will not be able to watch his favorites, cricket and polo. What does not seem to be generally understood, in Canada at least, is that Philip has a fine, fit mind as well as body, and that he is as keen an observer of people and things, as diligent a collector of facts as he is a patron and practitioner of sports. Once he has the facts, he has the independent intellect to form his own opinions, a quality that obviously has not endeared him to some people in the United Kingdom but has won him the affection and respect of many more. Those who know him best have said that he dislikes muddled thinking and careless judgments, and can be trenchantly sarcastic when he confronts these in argument; he is inclined to see things as either black or white, with little or no shading between. He is, in brief, a man of incisive and inquiring mind.

The journey across the far reaches of



MORE than a sportsman.

this country, then, will be something more than an idle jaunt. It will greatly expand the Duke's knowledge of what goes to make Canada, the human and physical components of a land surging with growth but afflicted with growing pains—and a land that seeks and needs the informed understanding of such men as Philip.

The Divided Critics

AFTER THE opening night's performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Stratford Festival, the theatre-goers dawdling in the lobby were a pretty noncommittal lot until one bold plunger suggested that it had been a "darn good show". This encouraged a second, who said he found the production poor entertainment and bad Shakespeare. Next day's papers showed that the professional critics were just as divided; Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times,* for example, was not amused while Walter O'Hearn of the *Montreal Star* was warmly enthusiastic. The lesson seems to be that where Shakespeare is concerned you don't need to be afraid to walk the trembling plank of your own opinion — even if you make an unlucky plunge in one spot, you are bound to surface safely in another.

Deportation Orders

FROM THE frequent press reports telling of people being kicked out of Canada, we must assume that immigration authorities are working night and day to keep the community pure and undefiled. This would be reassuring were it not for the knowledge that several persons found guilty by French courts of collaboration with the Nazis are still being sheltered here, and that the only recent case of a board's deportation order being overruled by ministerial decision involved the director of a powerful union. One of the jobs of the new Minister of Immigration, Mr. Pickersgill, is to remove any lingering suspicion that residence in Canada depends not so much on what you are as whom you know.

No Private Feuds

THE GUATEMALAN uproar, which flared up and died like a fire of kindlings, follows at least outwardly the familiar pattern of South American revolutions. Within a fortnight President Arbenz was out, Colonel Armas was in, and the shopkeepers of Guatemala City were removing the shutters from their front windows.

The shape is familiar but the implications have widened and altered. A generation ago the world was content to let South American republics fight out their troubles in their own backyard. No one suggested that foreign arsonists had started the blaze. No one called on visiting firemen to go in and put it out. The fierce and transient events in pocket republics of South America seemed to have little or no relation to the outside world, which was content, at most, to lean over the back fence and offer comment and advice.

Today, however, we are faced by the indivisibility of politics in every corner of the world. It is true that many of the issues in the Guatemalan dispute were local, that most of them were obscure, and that few authorities were in a position to say positively that the Arbenz government was entirely Communistic or the rebel group purely anti-Communistic. Nonetheless, world opinion lined up instantly and positively in either camp. In the Security Council the Soviet representative made the usual charges against the United States, and his point of view was taken up by the Soviet press and even echoed, though rather belatedly and feebly, by the Canadian *Tribune.*

The one fact that emerged from the affair hardly needed demonstration: the Kremlin is always ready to take advantage of mischief wherever it occurs on the planet. The Soviet sups with a long spoon.

Oedipus Rex: Catharsis through Ritual

Pity and Terror in Stylized Performance at Stratford

JAMES MASON AS OEDIPUS

Robed in gold, elevated on the cothurnus and masked as the actors were in the age of Sophocles, James Mason plays Oedipus, the most tragic of roles.

ELEANOR STUART AS JOCASTA

Moving majestically in silver, magnificent of voice and gesture, Eleanor Stuart stirred the audience to tears by her portrayal of the wife-mother.

ROBERT GOODIER AS CREON

Massive in his bronze robes and powerful in his indignation at the accusations against him, Robert Goodier gives a strong interpretation of King Creon.

THE QUEEN ANNOUNCES HER PLAN TO MAKE SUPPLICATION AT THE ALTARS OF THE GODS

Tanya Moiseiwitsch's designs, modelled on the costumes of ancient Greece and employing some of the devices of the classic theatre, notably the built-up shoes and the masks, made this production larger than life. Under Dr. Guthrie's direction the players moved across the Stratford stage, no mere automatons, but protagonists for everyman in a drama that has thrilled audiences for over 2,000 years. Masks of papier maché *covered with kid, libation bowls, jewellery and other properties were made in the Festival workshops by Jacqueline Cundall and her assistants.*

Photos: Peter Smith and Company.

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Time: New Dimension Of Our Knowledge

By NORMAN W. DeWITT

IN THE HALF-CENTURY between 1853 and 1902 there was only one new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Knowledge was increasing leisurely.

After the year 1900 the tempo of increase was suddenly quickened. Time was beginning to insist upon recognition as a dimension of knowledge. Today this insistence is imperative and irresistible.

An up-to-date encyclopaedia has become a thing of the past. A new edition begins to be put out of date during the very process of being brought up to date.

One great achievement of this century has been the discovery of time as "a dimension of space". These are simple words but they fill the layman with dismay. The formulae of the new mathematics seem beyond his understanding.

This dismay is not altogether justified. It is due not so much to a deficiency of intelligence as to unfamiliarity with new motions of the mind. We are habituated to ways of speaking and thinking that are now outdated and we experience a definite awkwardness in acquiring the new habits.

Time is a dimension of everything that exists. If only we had before us the jawbone of the ass with which Samson slew the Philistines we could prove that time was a dimension of it. Invisibly imbedded in that inert bone would be magical atoms of carbon 14, ticking away the seconds and the centuries with a fidelity and exactitude that would make the vociferations of the watchmakers seem like the advertising of children's toys.

We shall do well, however, to begin at the beginning. What we need is to learn to talk about familiar things in an unfamiliar way.

It requires but a moment's thought to recognize time as a dimension of history. Events are spaced at unalterable intervals. They refuse to be hurried. They must all await a certain ripeness of time.

Time is also a dimension of disease. Even the common cold must run its course. In the case of measles there is an interval of twelve days between infection and eruption nor can any precise description of the malady ignore this factor of time.

Some twenty-five centuries ago one of those smart Greeks about whom we are continually hearing ventured the observation that no one can bathe twice in the same river. This was merely recognition of the truth that time is a dimension of a river. A river has length, breadth, and depth: time is its fourth dimension. It flows; flowing is motion and motion can be measured only by time.

The smart Greek was nevertheless not quite so smart as has been thought. With more precision he might have said that no one can bathe even once in the same river. The substance of it changes as he bathes. The river from which he emerges is not the same river into which he dived.

To come closer to home, the tourist who views Niagara Falls at 10.00 a.m. does not see the same Falls as the tourist who arrives at 10.01. To be precise, neither tourist sees the same picture for more than the twinkling of an eye. Time is a dimension of it.

We are now at last in a position to speak intelligently of the new conception of knowledge. We are to conceive of it as a flowing stream that is flowing ever more rapidly.

The old and outdated concept of knowledge regarded it as a "body". This "body of knowledge" could be summed up in 20 volumes possessing length, breadth, and thickness and ensconced in a measured shelf. This summary was good for half a century. Time was yet to insist upon being recognized as a dimension of it.

So long as knowledge was regarded as a body it could be cut like a cake and this is exactly what the colleges did with it. People are still living who remember it being cut into three segments, Classics, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy.

At a still earlier time the cake was cut into seven portions, known for century after century as the Seven Liberal Arts. The reverence with which they were regarded may justify us in printing the names with capital letters: Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, Astronomy.

The Master of Arts was supposed to have mastered them all. Today those Arts, as then taught, are as dead as mummies in a museum.

It is true that we still speak respectfully of the Liberal Arts, but the student of today can win the degree of Master of Arts by mastering far less than one per cent of the ever widening stream of knowledge.

Some 40 years ago the story was circulating in the newspapers of a kind-hearted uncle in New York who provided for the education of a nephew by bequeathing him a tidy annuity to be paid him "so long as he was a college student".

The grateful but cunning nephew chose to interpret this bequest rather by the letter of the will than the intent of the benefactor. He enrolled in one college after another, first taking a degree in Arts, then in Law, next in Medicine and was possibly looking forward to Engineering when the story faded from the news. He was certainly not planning to give up his annuity.

As things now are, there would have been no need to switch to professional

Ontario Hydro

NIAGARA FALLS at 10.00 a.m. is not the same at 10.01.

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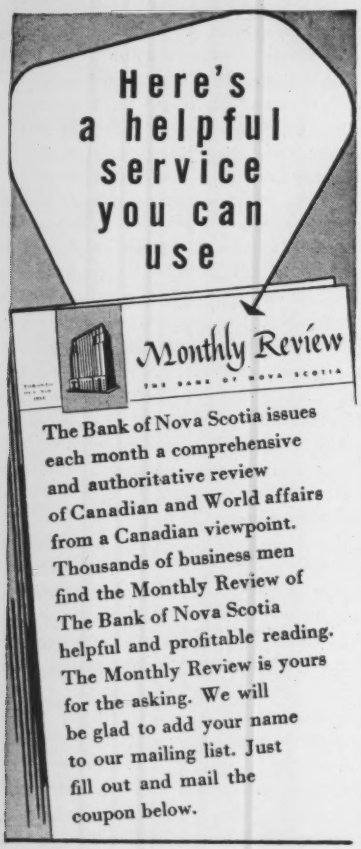
Dr. DeWitt is Professor Emeritus of Latin of Victoria College, the University of Toronto.



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schools. A life annuity could be enjoyed in the College of Arts alone.

Take the University of Toronto for an example. In the year 1900 it was offering 15 Courses of Instruction in Arts. This year it is offering 50.

In American universities, where the unit of instruction is smaller, the increase seems even more portentous. Several of the larger institutions offer between three and four hundred courses.

Even so recently as a century ago it was not uncommon in Europe for a student with private means to loaf his life away in the academic shade. A visitor to Oxford is once said to have remarked to an undergraduate: "It must be pleasant to lie on the grass with a book". To this the student replied: "It is much pleasanter to lie on the grass without a book".

There is also a cynical rhyme which runs:

A member of Magdalen Hall
Who knew next to nothing at all;
He was fifty-three
When he took his degree,
Which was youngish — for Magdalen Hall.

Nowadays all that is changed. There is no longer any need of loafing. A student might study diligently and still qualify for the distinction of being the oldest living undergraduate. Time has asserted its rights as a dimension of knowledge.

Sixty years ago it was deemed good fortune for many a college to possess a Science Building. Today a single department such as that of Physics or Chemistry requires as much floor space as did a whole university of 60 years ago.

And be it noted: this expansion reflects no more the increase of students than the increase of knowledge; it reflects also the anticipation of the increase of knowledge in the immediate future.

The Library of Congress, which buys all the new books, now has an accession of 35,000 in a single year. Some may be pamphlets, but even a pamphlet may mark an advance in science or technology. It was a student's dissertation that pointed the way to the use of gas in domestic refrigerators.

The fond old dream of "eternal truth" is hard to down. All the philosophers have cherished it. As for the churchmen, they have talked of "the infinite wisdom of God" and promptly proceeded to reduce it to finite dogma.

In actual experience both philosophers and prophets have been thrown back on their heels by every major advance in science.

The scientists themselves have fared no better. They find themselves thrown back on their heels by their own discoveries. It seemed to them for a time that the secret of disease had been revealed when germs were discovered. Certain diseases, however, refused to co-operate and this led to the discovery of viruses.

Then the viruses in their turn refused to stay put. The virus of influenza, for example, was found to take a certain shape in one epidemic and a different shape in a subsequent epidemic. Thus even viruses turned out to be in a state of flux.

The lesson of the atom has been similar. It was rashly believed for a time that the secret of the atom had been solved by the discovery of protons, neutrons, and electrons. Now the research organizations are engaged in building bigger and better cyclotrons.

It should consequently occasion little surprise that cautious scientists are hesitating to venture upon assertions beyond the range of their last successful experiment.

It begins to look as if the age-old quest of "eternal truth" will resolve itself into the task of nibbling diligently at the frontier of "infinite truth."

Thus time must be conceded its due status as a dimension of truth precisely as it has been proved to be a dimension of space and of the universe itself.

The truth of today is provisional; it may be modified tomorrow.

•

Spring Fever

We are grown, now, to gods, and work great wonders
Without amazement — lords of earth and air,—
Awing Olympus with more shattering thunders,
More aphrodisiac unguents for our hair.

Ambrosia, spread on statisticians' tables,
Regales us through the days till five-fifteen;
And nightly, gurgling through coaxial cables,
Mugs drip with nectar on our viewing-screens.

No ills, no fears of Death's offensive figure,
Dim our efficiency or doubly slay:
Sweetheart hygiene is ours for dainty vigor,
And Komfort-Kaskets keep the wet away.

Yet, through glass bricks, through club-cut shirts of Skintex,
Unfiltered April airs can sometimes flow;
And we, undone (no graph, no weighted index),
This finger on us, suddenly flinch, and know —

Beyond the lint of scented paper towels,
Behind the rasp of streamlined telephones,—
Blood sullying our Puraplastic bowels,
Sapping our sterile, resin-bonded bones.

J. M. DUNSMORE

Peter Smith and Company

THE BLIND Tiresias (Donald Davis), compelled by Oedipus (James Mason), tells the King he is the cause of the city's misery.

Simplicity and Artifice Combine at Stratford

By ROBERTSON DAVIES

IT WAS MADE CLEAR to us last year that the Festival at Stratford, Ontario, did not aim at being a careful imitation of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon; there was enough that was new and refreshing in the Canadian effort to quiet any suspicion of that. However, it was called a Shakespeare Festival and the two plays presented were by Shakespeare, and it would have been logical to make Shakespeare the stock-in-trade of the Festival for all time. But in this second year one of the three plays offered is Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*, and because it is the finest presentation to be seen at Stratford in 1954 it has probably decided that the Festival will never be exclusively Shakespearean again. There may well be years in which all the plays presented will be by Shakespeare; we hope it will be so. But it is good to know that Stratford has claimed the freedom to move into other realms of classic drama when it pleases. The importance of this step cannot be fully appreciated now, but we may hope that in ten years the Stratford Festival will have given its supporters the opportunity of seeing a large number of the world's greatest plays, performed by Canadian players within reach of a large Canadian public.

The performance of *Oedipus* this year is a triumph for all who are concerned in it. There will be plenty of dispute about it, as there must be about any considerable artistic achievement. Some people are certain not to like it, and they will be able to bring strong arguments to bear against it. But I doubt if anyone will be able to maintain successfully that it is not complete and magnificent within the limits which it has set for itself, or that these limits are not in themselves nobly conceived.

Before any profitable discussion of the production is possible, it is necessary to say something about the play itself, and as I cannot pretend to have any original opinions about it I shall be as concise as I can. The story of the play is well known: the city of Thebes suffers under a plague, and the citizens appeal to their adored king, Oedipus, for help; he learns from the Delphic Oracle that the plague is a punishment from the gods because Thebes harbors an unclean thing, and the prophet Tiresias tells him that he is himself the reason for the curse; Oedipus searches for the truth about his own parentage, and learns that he has, without knowing it, slain his father and married his mother Jocasta, and is thus irredeemably defiled; Jocasta commits suicide, Oedipus blinds himself and leaves Thebes, and his brother-in-law Creon is left to rule in his place.

Taken at its face value this is nothing more than another tale of the cruel sport of the gods with man, and we are not in our day particularly susceptible to such stories. Why, then, has the story of Oedipus so strong a hold on the imagination of man? Even in the Middle Ages, when Greek legends were little heeded, the story of Oedipus was known, and there were attempts to link it with the mythical history of Judas. In our own day Sigmund Freud has given us an answer.

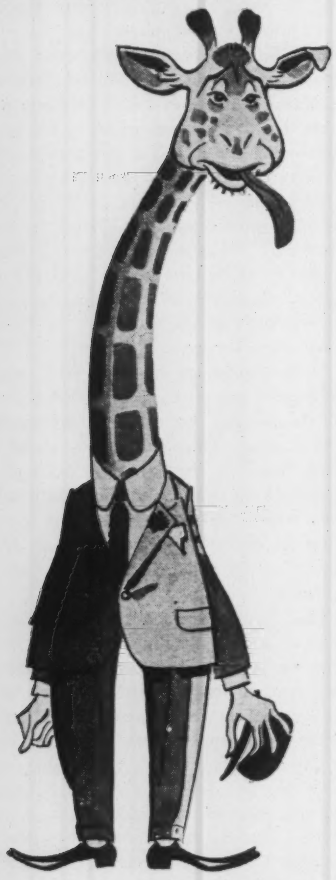
Freudian psychology, supported by an impressive weight of clinical evidence, maintains that the crime of Oedipus is the crime that every man desires in his inmost heart—that the infant in the cradle yearns passionately to get rid of his father, and be all in all to his mother; as infancy gives place to childhood this desire is thrust down into the almost inaccessible depths of the mind, but its power, and the guilt that it engenders, is a potent element in the structure of man's mind. In Oedipus every man recognizes himself.

In the drama of Oedipus, then, we are confronted less with a play which we value for its exciting story, or its poetry, than with a ritual which evokes — as all true ritual does — emotions which lie in the depths of the soul. And the emotional release which the play brings us is the consequence of meeting some portion of our inmost spirit in a form which we can recognize.

The Stratford production is ritualistic and is carried through by means which give the impression of simplicity, although they conceal much superb artifice. As was the custom in the Greek theatre, all the actors wear masks, revealing the nature of the roles they play in a single, set expression. The face of Oedipus is of gold, and is marked by pride; Creon's is of bronze, and its expression is watchful; the prophet Tiresias is like some dreadful bird, in which the furies of the spirit have reduced the flesh to bony ruin; Jocasta's face is silver, and she seems a Moon to the Sun of her husband. The faces of the Old Men of the Chorus are gnarled and twisted by age and wisdom into startling presentations of compassion and resignation. The robes of all the characters are simple and beautiful. The principal actors wear the thick-soled shoes of the Greek tragic stage, to give them the height of men and women above the common run, and they walk with the measured step which such shoes make necessary. The physical presentation of the play is of great beauty, and the fear which I felt beforehand that the delicate pillars of the Stratford theatre would not make a fitting background for this monumental tragedy proved to be wholly groundless. An impressive proportion of the credit for the success of this production must be given to the designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

The chief glory for the success of *Oedipus*, however, must go to the director, Tyrone Guthrie, who has carried it through with grandeur and simplicity. The actors move in patterns which are ritualistic without ever becoming rigid; the restless search for novelty which almost went

Thirsty?



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too far in *The Taming of the Shrew* is never felt for an instant in *Oedipus*. The towering heights of the tragedy are approached by the most direct paths and are magnificently surmounted. The production gives us that sense of fulfillment which is the last and finest gift of a noble play, nobly brought to life.

Having said this, some words of criticism will not be misunderstood. The translation used was that of W. B. Yeats. It is marked by the sparse dignity of its prose dialogue, and the poetic grandeur of its choruses. But as a translation for use in a production on this scale it has serious shortcomings. The Greek of Sophocles, and of all the Greek dramatists, was richly poetic and elevated; they had no fear of highly-colored words and fine phrases. Yeats's prose dialogue gives us no feeling of this, and there are occasional Irishisms in it which would sound better from Irish than from Canadian tongues. And Yeats has given us magnificent poems in place of the choruses, written in splendidly moving iambics—but he has not given us all of the choruses, by any means, for he has lopped and docked them in some cases to less than half their length. The Yeats translation gives the impression of a version prepared to be done under very simple circumstances; conditions at Stratford are not simple, and we grudged the loss of so much beauty.

The Chorus of Theban Elders was admirable, and one is tempted to say that it was, collectively, the best actor in the play. They spoke their choruses, not "beautifully", as verse choirs too often do, but with passion, and intelligence, and compassion. We forgave them for not singing, as a Greek Chorus should, they spoke so well. We forgave them — until, magically, they broke into song in a simple, but eloquent and beautiful, setting of the invocation to Mount Cithaeron. Then we regretted deeply the fact that all the choruses had not been given suitable settings by Cedric Thorpe Davie. This is not to wish that *Oedipus* had been turned into an opera; it was, rather, to wish that Stratford had mastered the Habima Players' way of moving easily from speech into song, when song heightens without interrupting the drama.

The role of King Oedipus was played by James Mason with fine understanding and dignity, and at the finish of the first performance the audience rose to do him honor—a great tribute. But the fact cannot be concealed that Mr. Mason lacks the range and power of voice for this or any other great tragic role. Every visitor to Stratford is conscious that Mr. Mason has not been content to rest upon his great movie popularity; he has sought to act great parts in a large, legitimate theatre, and this shows a love of his art which commands our respect. But in so doing he has laid himself open to the criticism which awaits great artistic feats, and it is impossible to say that he has the voice of a tragedian, or anything approaching it, as yet. He gave us much of Oedipus, and what he gave us was of fine quality, but he could not give us all. Yet, if he chose to submit himself to very stern discipline, he might emerge as a tragic actor of the first rank.

As Jocasta, Miss Eleanor Stuart seemed anxious to avoid anything savoring of a sentimental appeal, and she overshot her mark, being a little too vehement; she had power and nobility, but the Desired and Feared Mother must also have feminine tenderness.

As Tiresias, the blind, bird-inspired prophet, Donald Davis gave a wonderful picture of a being of more than mortal knowledge, and of less than mortal physical powers. This was a figure which struck strange alarm into the heart. As Creon, the inflexible brother of Jocasta, Robert Goodier made fine use of his splendid voice, and reminded us that Creon was a man of cold and bitter spirit in his subsequent treatment of the children of Oedipus. (Why, by the way, was he called Crayon?) The Messenger from Corinth, as played by Douglas Campbell, had a splendid warmth and humanity, not in the least overdone but in powerful contrast to the exalted ruling house of Thebes. The great Messenger's speech was admirably given by Douglas Rain, and Eric House, as the ancient Priest of Zeus played, as he always does, truly and affectingly. Without divorcing him from the splendid Chorus, which he led, a special word of commendation must be said for the fine speech of William Hutt.

A. E. Housman said that he knew true poetry when he heard it by the prickling of the hair on his scalp; I, too, know this feeling, and time and again during the Stratford *Oedipus* I felt this sensation of mingled terror and delight. Can there be higher praise?

•

Haunted Housewife

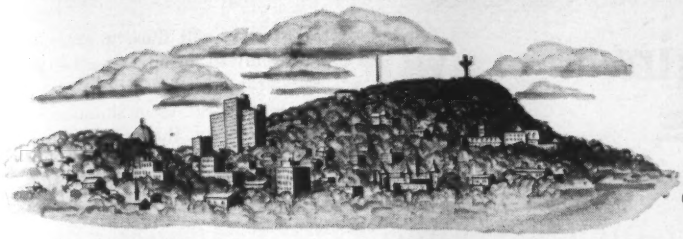
The agile summer leaps into this room,
Laughs in my hair
Leaves me no peace at all.

There are shelves to be washed, dishes done
And a cake wants minding;
Was ever a woman so plagued?

Outside my door the river winds like silk
Two herons stand on one leg each
Absurdly decorative.

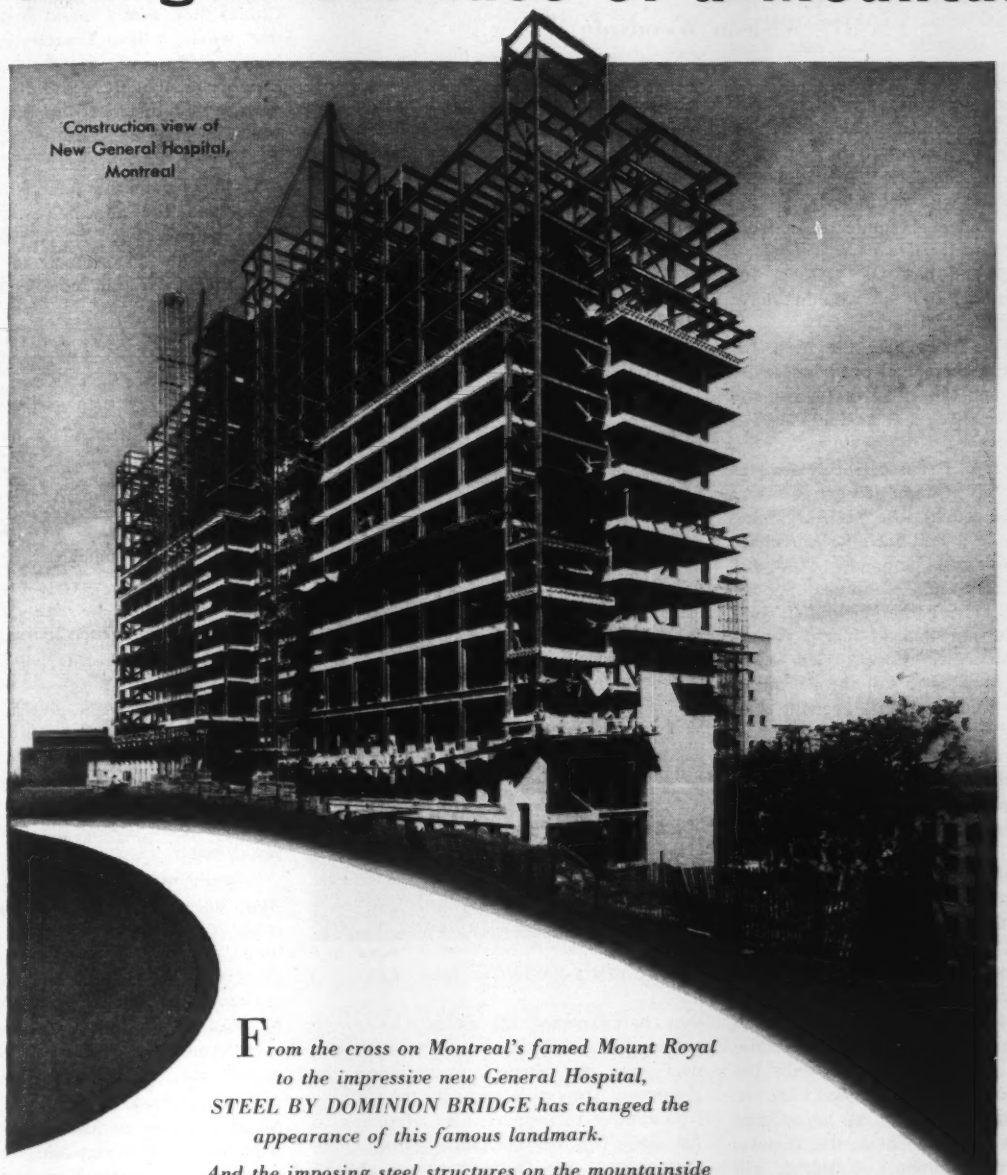
It would be perilous for me, I think
To go and curl my arms about a tree
Or listen to the siren wind to-day—
My blood would surely turn to chlorophyll.

MERLE ALLES



STEEL

...changes the face of a Mountain!



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Foreign Affairs

Mendès-France Sees It Through

By Willson Woodside

MENDES-FRANCE'S one-month time limit, generally disapproved and distrusted on this continent when it was first announced, now appears to have been a useful psychological device. It was widely credited in Paris with getting Mendès the premiership. But it is quite clear from the man's character (readers will recall that I interviewed him last October for SATURDAY NIGHT) that he wouldn't have done this for his own sake.

He did it to dramatize the need for decision, where there had been indecision for so long; and the effect of this on the French people has shown that he was right.

The fear on this side of the water was that, having given himself such a short time limit, he would lose his bargaining power at Geneva and have to surrender to stiff Communist demands. And the fact that he received Communist support, even while declaring that he didn't want it and would not depend on it, roused suspicion. Moscow, it was clear, was counting on Mendès to kill the European Army plan, and on this account had ordered the French Communists to vote for his investiture. (After Mendès-France's scathing rejection of the support of "those who had sided with the nation's enemies", Jacques Duclos went out into the corridor raving mad, calling Mendès a "Yid", and regretting that "one is not always free to vote as one chooses".)

The Kremlin's calculation as to whether the French Communists should be ordered to vote again for Mendès will continue to be dominated by considerations of the EDC. But it cannot win on this: for if the Reds stop voting for Mendès, because they believe he will co-operate with the Americans to put through the EDC in some form or other, just as he secured U.S. backing on Indo-China, the Popular Republicans of Schuman and Bidault will probably vote for him.

It may turn out just as Mendès always held, that if the French would only start with one decision, others would come more and more readily. He never doubted that the first decision had to be the lightening of the load in Indo-China, which was breaking France's back. When he called for the preparation of a law to send draftees there, if necessary, he showed his mettle and convinced the American authorities that he intended not just to surrender but to win as good a settlement as possible. When he appealed to the U.S. to back him up in this stand, Dulles hastened to Paris.

It is to be hoped that this will prove a turning point in Franco-American relations. The Americans have been completely frustrated for the past two years in trying to persuade the French to give independence to the Indo-China states, to help them to build up native resistance forces there, and to get them to accept the EDC. Things got to the point where

Rapid Grip

MENDES-FRANCE: Next, EDC.

they half-expected the French to try to escape from their dilemma by making a deal with the Soviets to abandon the European Army plan and with the Chinese Communists to support their admission to the UN. This has not come about. Quite the contrary; Mr. Dulles has been able to report that he has been conferring with a French premier who is "clear, frank and determined".

Mendès convinced Dulles that he would not accept peace at any price in Indo-China but would give up as little territory as possible in the north, and stay on in the south until a free Vietnam Government was well-established there and able to defend itself. The clear line which the Americans wanted drawn somewhere in South-East Asia will thus be created, and it remains only to set up a South-East Asia pact to guarantee it.

If the South-east Asian situation can be metamorphosed in this way, it will be easier to believe that the EDC may be saved, too. Mendès-France seems disposed to set a time limit to this also, and has spoken of giving the Allies a French decision by August 15. If Britain and the U.S. rally round as they did on Indo-China, they surely could find guarantees that would relieve French fears of Germany. Why could not the U.S. Administration and Congress give the French the written assurance of support which they want, in case the Germans pulled out of EDC?

If this cannot be done, then why not investigate the alternative suggested by the London *Observer?* This would equip NATO with an armaments board, and with machinery for more constant political consultation.

If the United States is not willing to do this, then *The Observer* says it will be up to Britain, alone, to make possible a new Europe—looser than EDC but tighter than the present NATO—by joining it. It is to be hoped that the French will see that, once they are ready to make some decisions and tackle their problems, we are more than ready to stop criticizing and give them a hand.

One American correspondent, long in Paris, reports how he nearly fell out with an old friend, a French journalist who had worked for some years in the United States, on this question. "I just don't get you Americans these days," the friend said. "You have justly criticized our 18 previous governments, our vacillation, our lack of purpose — yes, and even our colonialism in Indo-China. I went along with you until today. But now I tell you you'd better watch out.

"Finally we have got a man who knows what he wants. He is a realist. He is ready to cut his losses, which is supposed to be an Anglo-Saxon virtue. He is the exact opposite to all the things you have criticized in French leadership. Yet when he tries to do the very job one would think America would want, you slap him down!"

Well, the U.S. came through for Mendès-France at the last moment, on Indo-China. If that works out, perhaps a positive, new approach could help Mendès a long way with his German problem, his North African problem and his scheme for a thorough economic reform at home. The French people have appeared more than usually tired and cynical of late. But they are capable of sudden changes in mood. Mendès has caught the imagination, especially of the younger people. With their frustration thrown off, there is no telling what this intelligent and talented people might not do.

Books

Rosamond and Meddlesome Mattie

By Robertson Davies

THE BOOKS WHICH we think suitable for children afford an interesting key to our own intellect. For obvious reasons, most of the books which children read are books which have been chosen by their elders; with the passing of time some of these books become established favorites because several generations of children have approved them. But even in these instances we cannot be sure that we are getting at the child mind directly; many "children's favorites" are really adults' favorites, and reflect what adults like to believe about childhood. I venture to think that the *Alice* books are more admired by adults than by children.

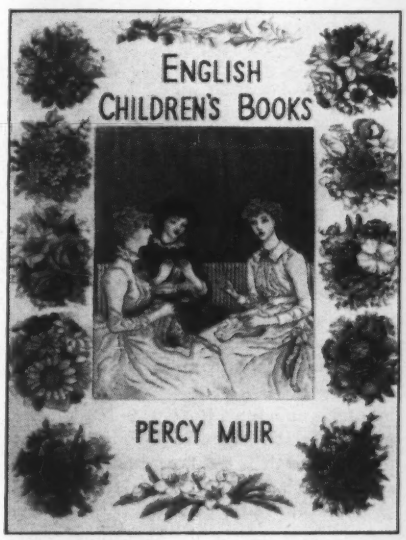
When we choose for children it is not easy for us to avoid a degree of authoritarianism which may be unwarranted; in our dealings with children we are all of us—parents, teachers and librarians—in some degree fascists, doctrinaires, brainwashers and pulpit-thumpers. We cannot rid ourselves of the notion that a child's reading should be improving and instructive, as well as entertaining. However much we may avoid improving and instructive reading ourselves, we want to cram it down the throats of the young. Pick up a handful of the most recent children's books to come from the publishers, and it will be strange indeed if eleven out of every dozen do not hammer home some moral lesson. If the books are from the U.S.A. they will probably also be labelled plainly with instructions as to the age of the child who should read, or hear, each volume. We are every bit as instructive as were the parents of the seventeenth century, though we are not so crude in our avowal of educational and moral intention.

An admirable story of juvenile literature, called *English Children's Books* has recently appeared, written by Percy Muir, covering the subject from 1600 to 1900. Whether a corresponding book about children's literature in the U.S.A. exists, I do not know; certainly no one interested in the subject will be able to neglect the volume under consideration. It is produced by the firm of Batsford, and it is a beautiful example of the work of that distinguished house. Its illustrations explain, and justify, its price. But we should not permit the handsome pictures to distract us from the excellent text.

The book is, to a great extent, a history of what adults have thought suitable for children. The earliest children's books were nakedly instructive and minatory in tone. An early rhymed alphabet under the letter C, warns that—

Children that make their Parents hearts to Bleed,
May live t'have Children to revenge that deed.

James Janeway, in 1671, wrote a work called *A Token for Children: being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives, and Joyful Deaths of several young Children,* containing



JACKET DESIGN

warnings against toys of all kinds, against frivolity, and urging the young reader to sober and suitable rejoicing at the funerals of saved persons. It cannot have been an easy thing to be seven years old and the child of a convinced Puritan.

BY THE eighteenth century is somewhat more humane in its attitude, though still firm in demanding of children what could not reasonably be expected of any adult under 90. It was toward the end of this century, in 1796, that a story appeared which still crops up in collections for children, called *Rosamond and the Purple Jar,* by Maria Edgeworth. Little Rosamond covets the beautiful purple jar which she sees in an apothecary's window (where such jars may still be seen). Her mother, obviously a sadistic fool, buys her the jar, and then explains that Rosamond cannot have the pair of shoes she badly needs. The child hurts her feet, and suffers agonies of humiliation, until she admits that it was wicked of her to want the beautiful thing, rather than the useful shoes.

Though I was never put in such a quandary as a child, I read about Rosamond, and pitied her. My pity was also aroused by another child in a book, called *Meddlesome Mattie,* who wanted to see what made the teakettle steam, and scalded herself. Her elders and betters thought this just what she deserved. I have grown up a staunch champion of all Rosamonds and Meddlesome Matties. Were there ever any parents as hateful, as criminally obtuse, as those who people children's books of this character? I once knew a woman who corrected her daughter by burning her quite severely with an electric iron, but so far as I know she never wrote a book.

It was at the end of the eighteenth century, also, that *The History of Sandford and Merton* appeared. The great popularity of this book was surely the work of adults, for no sane child could have liked it. Harry Sandford, the farmer's son, was a boy who preferred dry bread to any other form of food, declaring that "We must eat only when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty . . . this was the way the Apostles did, who were all very good men". Harry and a clergyman, Mr. Barlow, set to work to do a thorough brain-washing on Tommy Merton, a rich boy; they knock it into Tommy that "the rich do nothing and produce nothing, and the poor do everything that is really useful"—an odd proletarian doctrine for the nurseries of well-to-do-homes. Mr. Barlow, who is surely the greatest know-all in literature, tells the boys that crocodiles, if humanely treated, are quite docile, and will give little children rides on their backs. It would be instructive to see Mr. Barlow thus enchanting a crocodile. *Sandford and Merton* is fascinating reading today, if you have a taste for psychoanalysis; Mr. Barlow and Harry are surely two of the most complete representations of the anal-erotic character in all fiction.

The repellent, Philistine tone of eighteenth century children's books is moderated in the nineteenth century. Even Kingsley's *Water Babies* has a certain charm, and Ruskin and Thackeray wrote delightful books aimed at children, though as Mr. Muir points out, children have never loved *The King of the Golden River* or *The Rose and The Ring* so much as adults wish they did. And in the *Alice* books there is a freedom from cant which marks a new era in juvenile literature. But do children really like *Alice?* I have plenty of evidence that some children do not like it, and that in film and dramatic

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form they may actively detest it, but the book's fame cannot rest entirely on adult favor. I do not for an instant deny that Alice is a classic. But is it really a children's classic?

The nineteenth century also saw the rise of what is now called the Junior Novel—books by Talbot Baines Reed, by Henty, and W. H. G. Kingston and R. M. Ballantyne. Then, too, came the children's magazines, and the *Boy's Own Paper* in particular. Children's literature had gained a measure of freedom—but the old tradition of the moralizing, instructive book continued, and continues to this day, and will undoubtedly continue so long as adults think they can make children better than themselves by this means.

It remains now for some bright American pusher to choose The Child's Hundred Best Books—with Janeway's volume, and *Sandford and Merton*, and all the best-sellers of juvenile literature in it. Children could be forced to read the stuff, and parents could be bullied into buying it. And, as children survived adult taste in the past, they would undoubtedly survive in the Hydrogen Age.

ENGLISH CHILDREN'S BOOKS—by Percy Muir—pp. 236 & index—106 fine illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin—$9.00.*

In Brief

FLIGHT — by Evelyn Eaton — pp. 246 — *McClelland & Stewart* — $3.50.

This is a provocative novel about a middle-aged American widow. She is on a flight, and in a series of skilfully dovetailed flashbacks the scenes of her life are passing through her mind. As a well known news photographer she has flown over a good deal of this world; what soon becomes apparent is that this particular flight is to the *next* one. When her plane touches down in the hereafter, about half way through the book, Mrs. Deane is confronted not only with the sum of her earthly sins but with loathsome plastic and rubber creatures who compound her fears and compel her to make agonizing choices.

The pitfalls awaiting an author who tries serious writing about an after-life are many and deep. It seems a pity that with her sympathy, her eye, and her allusive style Evelyn Eaton should have side-stepped so many of them only to fall into the one labelled Science Fiction.

OLD MEN FORGET — The autobiography of Duff Cooper — pp. 384 plus index — photographs—*Clarke, Irwin—$4.50.*

Viscount Norwich was hardly an old man when he died a few months ago at sixty-four, and even if old men do forget he had scores of letters and carefully kept diaries to jog his memory. Both are revelatory, broad in scope and intensely interesting and he has made good use of them; they give uncommon vitality to his autobiography.

After Oxford, Duff Cooper went to the Foreign Office, then to France in the 1914-18 war. On his return he married the beautiful and talented Lady Diana Manners whom Canadians may remember as the nun in Max Reinhardt's New York production of *The Miracle* (1924). Then followed twenty years in Parliament and the posts of Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty and Minister of Information as well as success as a writer, particularly of biography. His own life story reveals him as the distillation of the cultivated English gentleman—a man of calm urbanity, political concern, devotion to duty, pleasure in the good things of life—and an observant writer with the mixture of seriousness and humor which makes good reading. Here are one or two random bits:

"May, 1918 (France): Yesterday evening set out on horseback for the trenches. A pleasant enough ride but rather too warm owing to the number of things one was carrying. We descended into the bowels or rather one bowel of the earth, an incredibly deep dug-out with rather uneven steps down into it. At the bottom we found Harry Lascelles looking extraordinarily elegant . . . the table was strewn with . . . periodicals one associates with the comfortable houses of the rich."

1921, during the Egyptian crisis: "Had a long argument with Winston (Churchill) about Egypt. He was bad at details but good in general. His great line was that you could only make concessions to people you had beaten."

Without brilliance or even freshness, this is a book one can recommend for its uniformly good quality.

THE TIME OF INDIFFERENCE—by Alberto Moravia—translated by Angus Davidson—pp. 303—*British Book Service*—$3.00.

This is Moravia's distasteful but in some ways distinguished first novel, published in Italian in 1929 and now making its appearance in English. It is a story of moral decay, an intimate glimpse of three days in the lives of a handful of Roman bourgeois—an ageing beauty, her son and daughter, her indifferent lover and his ex-mistress who is a close family friend. They struggle and thrash about in a foetid morass of emotion, the older ones urged on by sex, the younger weighed down with indifference.

Although only twenty-two when he wrote it, the novelist shows here two qualities in particular which give his later work some of its excellence. One is an astonishing understanding of motive. The other is the beautiful irony that pervades *Conjugal Love* and *The Woman of Rome*. He is fortunate in his translator: Mr. Davidson has done a first-rate job.

R. M. T.

International

PEOPLE are convinced by his look of perspiring sincerity.

The Truth About McCarthy: Skeletons Still Lively

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART IX

SENATOR RUSSELL LONG, the able son of the late Louisiana "Kingfish," Huey P. Long, told the Senate in 1950: "The day of the demagogue is over." But even as he spoke, Joe McCarthy was riding up and down the land, preaching that the United States was being sold down the river by its own leaders. And thousands of troubled citizens agreed and applauded.

How can a man with no special training, with an awkward manner, a rough voice, and an unsophisticated appearance, successfully cast a spell over almost every large audience he addresses? One reason is his very lack of the typical demagogue's qualities. People are convinced by the look of perspiring sincerity on his face, by the awkward, ringing delivery, by the heavy fist-pounding on the rostrum. Joe projects himself as an everyday, horny-handed, plain spoken ex-farmer, who feels it his duty to give the people the truth. He appeals mainly to crowds, who may be intelligent and scrupulous enough as individuals, but who, in the mass, are sometimes susceptible to rabble-rousing. They come expecting bombast and bluster; but Joe gives them plain talk in their own language. He poses as one of them, and tells them he is fighting their battle.

The average voter, rural or urban, is confused and concerned about the state of the nation. Joe slices through the confusion and fear with what seems to be decisive action, not just abstract planning.

In place of the whole complex political-economic - social - personal puzzle which seems to many people to have no solution, Joe offers a simple rallying point, a single issue: anti-Communism.

Social problems? Communists were responsible for them. Economic problems? Communists in the government had created them, the better to take over the country. Subversive problems? Communists had already gained control of foreign policy, and were multiplying like rats in all branches of the government. Lack of strong leaders? Like a Moses, McCarthy would lead the people through the Red Sea of Communist power to the Promised Land.

Communism as an issue has many advantages. As the nation's most-headlined Red-fighter, McCarthy is automatically clothed in an aura of patriotism, and he makes the most of it.

The Communist issue is also a handy club with which to bludgeon opponents. Joe tells his audience that he is the chief target of all the country's Reds. Hence his enemies are, *ipso facto*, agents of international Communism. This may be poor logic but, when Joe says it, thousands find it reasonable.

Not even the White House is free of suspicion, in Joe's little Red book. When President Harry Truman attacked unnamed "scandalmongers" in politics, McCarthy, taking the charge personally, demanded time over a nationwide radio hookup and replied that passages of the President's speech were "identical with those in the Communist *Daily Worker*". And on April 12, 1951, right after the firing of General Douglas MacArthur, Joe said that "treason in the White House" had been accomplished by "bourbon and benedictine" in the hands of men who knew how "to get the President cheerful". He finished by saying: "The s.o.b. should be impeached." When he was questioned about these remarks later on the floor of the Senate, Joe replied: "Perhaps I should have used the word 'benzedrine' ".

Joe's choice of such salty expressions hits the listeners in the solar plexus. He appeals to their emotions in ways that are sometimes irresponsible; one of these ways is to assume the pose of a martyr. When the backfire of angry reactions gets too noisy, he prefaces his Red charges with such conditioners as: "The road has been strewn with the political corpses of those who have dared to attempt an exposure of the type of individuals whom I intend to discuss today."

Joe always arrives for a speech a few minutes late, accompanied in Wisconsin by his balding bodyguard-agent-manager, Otis Gomillion. By the time McCarthy reaches the meeting hall, he has often brought his mind and body to just the right pitch by not eating for four or five hours and by taking a couple of quick shots of whisky. "I take two or three, depending on how I feel," he says. "The nourishment keeps me going." Once the speech begins, Joe's most valued prop is the bulging briefcase, carefully placed on the floor or a chair beside him. From time to time during the talk, Joe will bend over to take out an affidavit, a transcript, or some other document. These are equipped with large tabs for quick access; but McCarthy finds it more effective to rummage around in the bag for a minute or two before coming up with the correct "proof". It gives the impression that the bag is overflowing with documentary evidence.

Usually the crowd is with Joe, and anyone who raises a critical voice is hooted down.

But, now and then, an entire audience will be hostile; then Joe turns on the audience furiously. On April 10, 1952, when he was hissed by the girls of Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, he shouted angrily at them: "Hiss—that word sounds familiar." But Joe can take boos and jeers better than ridicule; when a University of Wisconsin audience started laughing at him, he went completely to pieces.

JOE is not so much a cold, calculating Machiavelli as a fast-talking super-salesman. "The two best things that have happened to the country for a long time are Senator McCarthy and Hadacol," remarked a hearing-aid salesman, discussing Joe in the bar of Appleton's Conway Hotel. He was paying tribute, as one salesman to another, to Joe's glib line and convincing air.

Joe has also refined to an art the technique of the old patent-medicine "pitchers". He describes in terrible tones the country's afflictions which his product

will cure or prevent; he plays on the fears, troubles, anxieties, and griefs of his audience. He draws a word picture of the impending doom which will fall any time unless some drastic measure is taken; and the listener soon gets the impression that support of McCarthy is the "drastic measure" they must take.

For example, Joe tolled a warning in November, 1950: "One of the greatest disasters in American history is in the making." He did not elaborate; but by December 1950 the approaching catastrophe loomed larger. Joe said: "Day by day and hour by hour the situation grows more black." One month later he was saying: "Every thinking American knows that there will be neither a Democrat nor a Republican party if the sellout continues and the Communists win out." Two months went by, and in March 1951 Joe warned: "Unless we chart a foreign policy which is truly by and for America and free civilization, there may well be recorded in the corridors of time the epitaph of all Western civilization." By the next month, April, the danger was almost upon us. As for the cure, Joe made it clear that the people should kick out the "traitors" and put red-blooded McCarthyites in charge of their affairs.

ABOUT a year after McCarthy had launched his campaign against Reds-in-government, he began to be *for* virtue as well as *against* sin. Gradually more and more references to "Western civilization" and to God and religion appeared in his speeches. In a welcome-home demonstration at the new athletic park in Manawa, Wisconsin, Joe addressed the townspeople from a speaker's stand on the baseball diamond. Suddenly he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, and in his most folksy manner said: "There are two fundamental truths of religion: there is a God who is eternal, and each and every one of you has a soul which is immortal." From there, Joe jumped into the main part of his speech. He called Secretary of State Acheson a traitor and said he had proof that our foreign policy was being directed from the Kremlin. Near the end of the speech, he remarked that his anti-Communist crusade was not political.

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Justus in The Minneapolis Star
WILL IT COME TO THIS?

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SIDE BY SIDE with Joe's trail of lies was a parallel trail of special laws. For instance:

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Chess Problem

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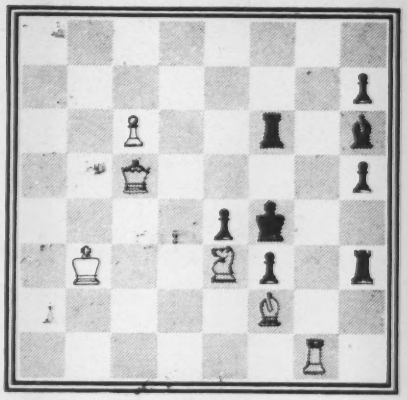
OUR RECENT W. Grimshaw five-mover, in notation, besides demonstrating the critical move, is the pioneer example of black Rook and Bishop mutual interference, and resulted in the theme being named for Grimshaw.

Closely allied is the Nowotny theme, in which a white piece is sacrificed on the critical square of interference. Dr. Anton Nowotny, 1829-1871, figured in the Transition Period, and his pioneer problem was published in 1854, four years after Grimshaw's:

White: K on Q2; Rs on QKt2 and QB5; B on QKt4; Kts on KB1 and KB2. Black: K on Q5; R on KR1; B on KKt3; Kt on QKt1. Mate in four.

1.Kt-Kt3, R-K1; 2.QR-B2, BxR (critical move); 3.Kt(2)-K4 (theme move), B or RxKt; 4.Kt-K2 or B5 mate accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 76, by M. Niemeijer.



White mates in two.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 75.

Key-move 1.Q-QB2!, waiting. If RxQ; 2.RxR mate. If R else or K-B3; 2.R-Q2 mate. If K-K4; 2.R-K2 mate. If K-B5; 2.Q-K4 mate.

Filling in Time

By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Hobson's Choice? (4,2,2,5,2)
9. Agency responsible for 30's operatic death? (9)
10. Tommy Tucker sang for more than this composer. (5)
11. Uncooked? Return it, though it may mean a battle. (3)
12. Velee nice reception! (5)
13. Eminent painter joins the Royal Engineers. How unusual! (4)
15. They give backward assistance in hostelries. (7)
17. From where one gets an unexpected view of Orleans. (7)
18. Shut up! (7)
21. If letting off steam, take care your neighbour isn't. (7)
23. Poem of boredom, like a rhyme of Pope? (4)
24. "Come unto these yellow . . . " (The Tempest) (5)
26. Dear to writers who are perhaps truly his. (3)
28. How the roué scraped along? (5)
29. You may need it to climb to your Pullman berth. (5,4)
30. A Red Admiral suggests a more fitting lover for her than her slightly red 9. (6,9)

DOWN

1. Produces letters by the pound. (10)
2. Benevolent Malenkov? (7)
3. First person to transact business. (5)
4. Pianists who've taken one over the eight can't be expected to play them correctly. (7)
5. Evidently selling Erskine novels is productive of this. (7)
6. A U.S.A. trail may lead to it. (9)
7. A waltz king by "The Waltz King" (7)
8. Down the street and off the street, in short. (4)
14. Not a bad companion for Crusoe. (4,6)
16. A turbulent stream needs a dam when building a city. (9)
19. "And like a frog, expired". (7)
20. Stir, Bud, stir! (7)
21. The sleepy-time man's source of supply? (4,3)
22. This side, girls! (7)
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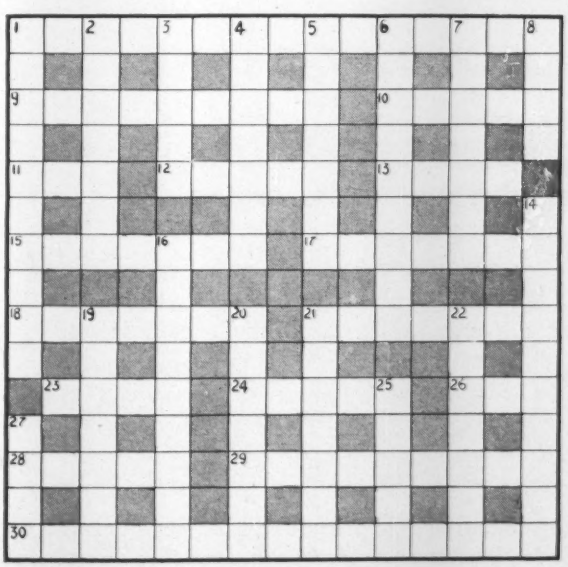

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1. It's not so hot
9. Nimrod
10. Taciturn
11. Stripling
12. Fines
14. Andes
15. See 16
16, 15. Ewe lambs
19. Ape
20. Kerbs
22. Gouty
25. Texas
26. Seeing red
28. Staining
29. Derive
30. Wishing well

DOWN

2. Termites
3. Nodule
4. Titania
5. Once
6. Obtain
7. Sitting pretty
8. Green with envy
13. Ebb
17. Pea
18. Doggerel
21. Bren gun
23. Tahiti
24. Window
27. Wish

(324)

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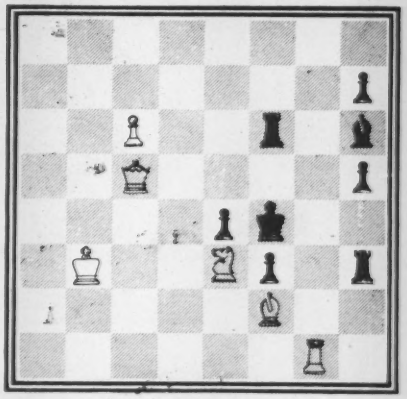

White mates in two.

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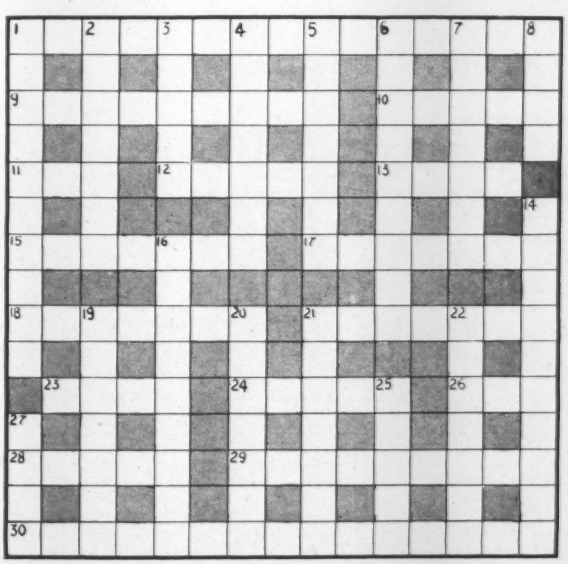

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the RIGHT beer...
the LIGHT beer...

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Films

All Aboard

By Mary Lowrey Ross

HIGH IF Guy de Maupassant didn't actually invent the omnibus approach to fiction, he popularized it so thoroughly that it has been with us more or less ever since. The trick is to bring together an assorted group of people in a public conveyance, face them with some fundamental predicament, and then record their reactions as they rise, or sink, to their natural level of behaviour. De Maupassant's vehicle was a stage-coach *(Boule de Suif)* and while the stage-coach is still a popular fictional conveyance, the movies allow a certain amount of latitude by way or transportation. Sometimes it is a liner, sometimes a train, frequently an aeroplane. The passengers can be just about anybody so long as the list includes at least one golden-hearted prostitute. She, at least, is obligatory, and how these girls do get about by air, sea and land. Join the world's oldest profession and see the world.

In *The High and the Mighty*, the conveyance is a South Pacific passenger plane heading for San Francisco. The passenger list includes assorted pairs of married people, a tycoon, an atomic scientist, a small boy, a revengeful husband, a beauty-contest winner, and, of course, the inevitable prostitute. The latter is played by Claire Trevor, and in order to place her from the opening shot, the costume department has fitted her out with a bolero afire with sequins and a complete equipment of rhinestone-studded accessories. You couldn't miss her.

You aren't allowed to miss anything much in this picture. Long before the wing catches fire and the motors begin to falter you know how each traveller in turn is likely to respond to predicament. The pilot and the plane hostess will keep their heads, the more emotional passengers will lose theirs. The perplexed atomic scientist will become reconciled to his calling, the warring married couples to each other, the little boy will sleep through the whole fuss and the prostitute will rally the spirits of everyone within hearing. It all works out here as simply and inevitably as a problem in long division. But did it have to be that long?

The cast includes John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day, Jan Sterling, Robert Newton, Paul Kelly and Sidney Blackmer. With this kind of payroll to meet, the producer had to make sure that no single talent was neglected. No single talent is.

"There is no such thing as the United States Navy!"

HENRY J. KAISER made this alarming statement during the 2nd world war to an employee who was reporting his troubles in dealing with "the Navy."

"The Navy", Mr. Kaiser explained, "is just a lot of different people. Now tell me, just which one of them are you having trouble with?"

In the same sense, everyone selling Canadian industry knows that there is no such thing as "the chemical field", "the food field", "the rubber industry", and so on. These, too, are *just a lot of different people.*

So, when it comes to selling materials and equipment, the question is: *"Which of the many people in Canadian industry most influence the purchase?"*

Such renowned organizations as DU PONT, the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL ADVERTISERS' ASSOCIATION and others have proved that *production managers and engineers predominate!*

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To permit them to concentrate more valuable time and skill on those two important tasks, the high speed, low-cost tools of *advertising* can be used effectively to ferret out, contact and condition these prospective buyers.

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Sports

My Diary

By Jim Coleman

(BEING a fairly typical day in the life of a sports columnist, turned publicist for a race track. The track shall be nameless but it is situated in a summer resort region and because of its partial isolation, the publicist sleeps on a hospital bed in his own office in the track's administration building. The publicist has been assured that, since he is the only occupant of the administration building between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. each day, he will spend a restful and healthful summer.)

6.01 a.m.: Publicist is awakened by Little Elmer arriving. Little Elmer tiptoes through the corridors to turn on the lights. However, Little Elmer has a cough that can shatter a one-inch window-pane at 80 paces.

6.02 a.m.: Publicist rolls over and pulls covers above his head. Publicist emits several startling snores to apprise Little Elmer of fact that he is in the sack and wishes to remain there.

6.10 a.m.: The Dude arrives and Little Elmer and The Dude exchange reminiscences of days when they were jockeys at Hillcrest Park. (Publicist has forgotten that Little Elmer is slightly deaf and cannot hear snores unless they are in E Flat above E Flat.)

6.15 a.m.: Realizing that further sleep is impossible, publicist arises, dons bathrobe, steps into corridor and glares at Little Elmer and The Dude. Both smile back pleasantly and wish him good morning. Both express surprise that he has "slept in".

6.17 a.m.: Publicist stands in front of bathroom mirror and spends four minutes kneading facial muscles to remove glare from face. (Each morning it takes longer to remove glare.)

6.22 a.m.: Publicist steps through shower curtains and turns on spray. Water knocks him to floor but he regains feet gamely.

6.25 a.m.: The Dude sticks his head through shower curtains and asks publicist for free passes for wife and daughter. The Dude explains that wife and daughter wish to spend several days at track. The Dude points out further that he hasn't asked for any free passes since previous afternoon.

6.25½ a.m.: Publicist strikes The Dude over head, rather savagely, with bar of soap.

7.00 a.m.: Publicist stuffs ears with cotton wool and sits down to breakfast in

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 268

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of THIRTY-FIVE CENTS per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., July 13, 1954.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND No. 62

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 25 cents per share has been declared on the no par value common stock of McColl - Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending June 30, 1954 payable August 31, 1954 to shareholders of record at the close of business on July 31, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

track kitchen. Publicist munches bacon and eggs, oblivious to shrill cries of race-trackers who demand free passes.

8.00 a.m.: Publicist returns to office; informs Little Elmer firmly that he wishes to see no one—except on the most important business — and closes door to private office. Smiling craftily, publicist lies down on hospital cot.

10.00 a.m.: Little Elmer opens door of private office cautiously and informs publicist that "an old friend from Winnipeg" insists upon seeing him.

10.01 a.m.: "Old friend from Winnipeg" proves to be Ex-Jockey Falloff, an off-the-cuff hustler who was ruled off 20 years ago for attempting to give a hot-foot to the presiding steward. Ex-Jockey Falloff demands passes for four friends "who bet $50 on every race".

10.02 a.m.: Publicist has Ex-Jockey Falloff escorted from the grounds by strong-armed representatives of race track constabulary.

10.03 a.m.: On way back to office, publicist is stopped by group of six employees of pari-mutuel department, each of whom wants passes for friends "who bet $50 on every race".

10.04-11.30 a.m.: Publicist writes press releases; telephones advertisements to newspapers; destroys incoming mail, which consists of five bills.

11.45 a.m.: Telephone operator tells publicist that she has taken seven long-distance calls from Toronto for him. Publicist examines names and tears up six of them. He knows that they all want passes for Club House. With sigh, decides to phone seventh name which is Rollo Throttlebottom. Publicist remembers that he owes Rollo $200. When phone connection is made, Rollo asks for six Club House passes.

12.00 Noon: Publicist lunches with other department heads. Knowing lethal reputation of local water, publicist dines on gin and tonic-water to ward off malaria.

1.00 p.m.: Publicist returns to private office to discover man with beard waiting for him. Little Elmer explains nervously that man with beard insists that he is long-lost brother of President of Jockey Club. Publicist snatches beard loose, revealing features of Ex-Jockey Falloff. Ex-Jockey Falloff explains plaintively that he only wants two passes for "big furniture-manufacturer from Grand Rapids who bets $50 on every race".

1.03 p.m.: Track detectives hurl Ex-Jockey Falloff into path of speeding bus. Ex-Jockey Falloff not only avoids wheels of bus but manages to pick pockets of two good samaritans who lift him out of dust.

1.22 p.m.: Delegation of mutuel employees, jockeys' agents, grooms and stableboys knock Little Elmer from their path and storm publicist's office, demanding passes for their friends who "bet $50 on every race".

1.24 p.m.: Publicist smashes tear-gas bomb on floor of office, routing intruders. Publicist telephones his insurance agent and requests immediate addition of double-indemnity clause to his policy.

1.38 p.m.: Little Elmer enters office and asks for one pass for friend who is very wealthy but "never bets on races". Publicist gives Little Elmer half-a-dozen passes and makes mental note to write letter to Diogenes.

1.44 p.m.: Eleanor —, comely publicity-woman for Harlem Globe-Trotters, arrives at office. Publicist upbraids Little Elmer for keeping her waiting outside. Eleanor — has never visited race track before.

1.45-3.45 p.m.: Publicist takes Eleanor — on personally-conducted tour of race track. Amazing how many things there are to explain to person who never has visited a race track. During tour, publicist kicks several small stableboys who have temerity to ask for passes for friends who "bet $50 on every race".

4.00 p.m.: Messenger from press box catches up with publicist and says that telegraph operator wishes to know when publicist is going to send early-lead which is being demanded by The Canadian Press. Publicist tells messenger to inform telegraph operator that he is much too busy to file story.

4.30 p.m.: Eleanor — finally insists that she must leave to do some publicizing of activities of Harlem Globe-Trotters. Publicist hands her several pounds of passes. Eleanor — points out that she probably never will get another chance to visit race track. Publicist tells her to give passes to her friends. Eleanor — explains that none of her friends ever bets at races. Publicist gives Eleanor — another pound of passes.

4.32 p.m.: Publicist sees Ex-Jockey Falloff climbing over stone wall into track. Publicist calls track detectives who punt Ex-Jockey Falloff 40 feet into parking lot.

7.00 p.m.: Publicist sits down to dinner. Remembering threat of malaria, publicist dines wisely on gin and tonic-water.

8.00 p.m.: Office is quiet and, in order to get good night's sleep before Little Elmer resumes his early-morning conversation with The Dude, publicist climbs into hospital bed in office.

8.15 p.m.: Telephone rings. Joe Liverlips is calling from Toronto. He wants passes for two friends "who . . ."

8.16 p.m.: Publicist removes telephone receiver from cradle, frustrating any more callers.

10.00 p.m.: Publicist is awakened by Ex-Jockey Falloff bellowing through his window. Ex-Jockey Falloff says he wants two passes for friends who "bet $50 on every race". Furthermore, Ex-Jockey Falloff says that, unless he receives passes, he will burn down office building.

10.01 p.m.: Publicist opens window and throws Ex-Jockey Falloff a can of kerosene and a packet of matches.

Business

Depreciation Allowances Need Careful Handling

By JAMES OLDFORD

AS FORECAST in Mr. Abbott's budget speech in the spring, Income Tax regulations have been relaxed to permit a corporation to claim for Capital Cost Allowance purposes an amount that varies from the annual depreciation charge used by the company in its records and its financial statements. With this relatively minor correction, the Capital Cost Allowance system, which was introduced in the 1949 taxation year, seems to have won the general support and approval of Canadian businessmen.

The system of allowances it affords differs from the previous allowances for depreciation in three main respects. In each the change has apparently been an improvement.

Before 1949 depreciation charges were allowable as a deduction from income at the discretion of the Minister of National Revenue, who delegated his authority to officials in local tax offices through his senior officials in Ottawa. The right to deduct from income a Capital Cost Allowance is one to which the taxpayer is legally entitled in accordance with provisions in the Income Tax Act and with published regulations. This is definitely a change for the better.

The second important difference is related to the purpose of the annual charge against profits that is allowed. The old charge for depreciation was an allowance for the use of an asset during the taxation year in the earning of income. Rates for different classes of assets were arbitrarily set on the basis of years of accounting experience. In general they may have been fair to businessmen. Applied to individual cases they resulted in unfair tax advantages on the one hand and to harsh tax penalties on the other.

Hardship was suffered, particularly in cases where, through obsolescence, mishap, or heavy duty, an asset had a particularly short useful life. The taxpayer might have less than half of the original cost written off against profits when the asset had to be scrapped. The difference between book value and scrap value had to be written off as a capital loss. Replacements were normally purchased out of profits, which had been subject previously to heavy tax. Special measures were taken during the war years to alleviate this situation, but it was a makeshift set of rules subject to much dispute and sudden changes.

In the new system, the purpose is to allow the taxpayer to write off against taxable profits the actual net cost of each depreciable asset used in the earning of income. This is accomplished by the allowance of a series of annual charges against income adjusted for the loss or gain on disposal over the uncharged balance of the cost.

Thus if a fire destroys a business asset that is not fully covered by insurance, then tax relief is granted.

This was inconsistent with the previous concept of depreciation and one of the reasons why leading accountants turned to the view that depreciation should be treated as an apportionment of the capital cost of an asset against the profits of the years in which it is used to earn income.

Automotive equipment, contractors' movable equipment, and machinery and equipment used in fields in which technical changes come rapidly can now be purchased with the assurance that over the years the actual net cost can be charged against profits.

The owners of real estate must be very careful, however, for the recovery of a net overcharge of capital cost can come as an expensive blow, one for which due allowance should be made in long-term planning.

THE THIRD difference is in the system of rates. Depreciation was a series of charges determined by what is called the straight line method; that is, a fixed annual charge based upon the original cost of the asset. Capital Cost Allowance is a series of variable annual charges in which the maximum rate is a percentage of the remaining uncharged cost of the asset. This new system was given great flexibility by doubling the old rates and by giving the taxpayer the right to vary his claim from year to year.

Vancouver Sun

IF FIRE *destroys a business asset not fully covered by insurance, tax relief is granted.*

In a loss year he may merely carry his unclaimed balance forward without making any claim. With a new business and low profits he may hold off and charge assets off against the higher profits of subsequent years.

The fundamental change has been in the allowance of a write-off of the net capital cost of a depreciable asset instead of a fixed charge for the use of the asset in earning income during the tax year. The doubling of the maximum rates and the use of the reducing balance method with variable annual charges has added a most useful flexibility.

It should be remembered, however, that the new system definitely limits the charges to the actual cost of each asset as determined on disposal.

This limitation and the general flexibility of the system make it necessary for management and proprietors to give careful thought to the subject of depreciation. It is neither wise nor safe to grasp eagerly at the maximum allowance afforded each year.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Brazilian Traction

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased some Brazilian Traction at $10. I feel rather dubious about this investment. I would appreciate your candid opinion regarding its prospects.—H.T.M., Calgary.*

With cash dividends resumed and the market for the stock thoroughly shaken down by the events of the past several months, this stock appears to be a reasonable hold for income at the present time.

With the stock currently trading around the $8 mark, the risk of a considerable capital loss seems quite small. The worst the extensive selling of last January could do was to force the stock down to 6⅞ and it appears that good support will again be available near the low on any subsequent decline.

Should a dip to around 7 be forced by general market conditions, the stock would appear to be a buy for a short term trade.

British Empire Oil

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion on the proposal to reorganize British Empire Oil Company Limited and join the company with the Arrow Drilling Company.—S.E.W., Toronto.*

The notice to shareholders, dated July 9, 1954, states that shareholders will be called upon to vote upon the reduction of the 5 million common shares presently authorized, to 1 million shares and the subsequent creation of 9 million additional shares to bring the authorized shares to a total of 10 million of 10 cents par value.

If this recapitalization is approved, 4 million shares will be issued to the shareholders of the Arrow Drilling Company in exchange for all the issued share capital of Arrow.

Further reading discloses that John H. Bevel and Robert Curran, both directors of British Empire, each hold 749.7 shares of preferred stock and 375 shares of common stock of Arrow at a price of $1.00 a share. If the offer made to British Empire by the stockholders of Arrow is accepted, they will each receive 374,900 shares of the common stock of British Empire. If the share capital of British Empire were reduced to one-fifth, they would be worth $1.00 per share at the present market price of 20 cents.

In return for the 4 million shares, British Empire would receive net oil reserves of 146,289 barrels, which, it is stated, has a future net cash realization of $311,281, and the other assets of the company, which include 24 drilling rigs of unstated value.

The predecessor of Arrow Drilling Company held some fully developed oil producing properties. These were acquired by Gas-Oil Dealers Incorporated and sold to Long-Shot Oil Company Limited, subject to a reserved oil payment of $2,420,000. Robert Curran, as trustee, purchased 375 shares (12½ per cent of 3,000 shares issued and outstanding) and an additional 375 shares of Long-Shot Oil at a price of $1.00 per share.

Finally, the president's letter states that British Empire now is merely a land-holding company. It has no productive acreage at the present time. On page 38 of the Progress Report, issued over the signature of John H. Bevel, it was stated: "The Campbell field has resulted in the oil reserve status of British Empire Oil being increased to over 1 million barrels, according to reliable estimates". In the report dated October, 1953, total oil reserves were reported at 286,020 barrels. There seems to be a discrepancy in these statements.

One of the main causes of the weak financial position of the company is in the manner in which the deficit of $962,865.50, reported at July 31, 1953, was incurred. The president stated, "$252,800 represents expenditures which resulted in unproductive development. Further, your company, due to stock market conditions, suffered a loss of $146,200 on sale of securities. In addition to this, your directors felt that a provision for possible future loss on such securities should be made, and accordingly an amount of $434,000 was written off."

It appears from all this that the affairs of this company warrant extensive examination. It is understood that a Shareholders' Protective Committee has been formed to contest the proposals put forward by the directors.

Certainly it appears that not only the shareholders, but the Toronto Stock Exchange, the Ontario Securities Commission and the public in general are entitled to some explanations.

American Leduc

I HOLD *2,500 shares of American Leduc Petroleums, bought at $1.00. I understand a block of shares was underwritten by some financial house and I wonder if they took up the option. Is it*

advisable to hold these shares or sell them?—C. L., Montreal.

Last January 400,000 shares were underwritten for cash at 25 cents and options taken on 200,000 at 30 cents and 200,000 at 35 cents. These blocks were reported as being taken up early in May.

From the 1953 high of 36 the stock drifted down to a low of 22, and, with no options outstanding on the remaining 700,000 shares in the treasury, there is little promise of any market activity developing now.

With $230,000 in new capital provided by the sale of the blocks of stock, the company will be able to continue its drilling activities around Newcastle, Wyoming, where it holds a 25 per cent interest in a 320-acre block where one successful well has been completed and a 50 per cent interest in a 160-acre block now being drilled.

Like a good many other western oil companies ARL's oil reserve position is unstated, but the price of the stock indicates that it is not too robust.

As it is impossible even to guess what the stock is worth, and the only hope of its advancing depends upon the location and production of a considerable amount of oil, it seems a toss-up as to whether you should accept a loss of 80 per cent of your capital or suffer it out in hope of a recovery.

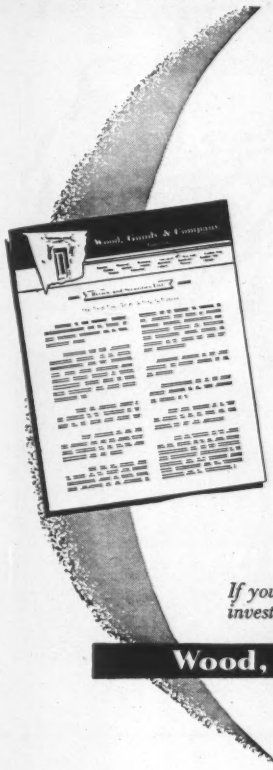
Noranda Mines

OU I WOULD *be grateful for your opinion as to the advisability of holding Noranda as a long term project. I purchased my shares approximately 10 years ago at $60-$65.—C. S. D., Edmonton.*

Noranda Mines is one of the major mining companies of this country. Its interests in mining projects are wide and varied. Directly or indirectly it controls a large number of companies, chief of which are Kerr-Addison Gold Mines and Mining Corporation. Through its control of Canada Wire & Cable Company and Canadian Copper Refiners, it is also an important manufacturer of many products.

Like all mining companies, its stock has fluctuated over a broad range. In 1946 the stock registered a high of 72¾ and in 1947 it declined sharply to a low of 42. From that point the broad advance carried the price to a high of 86½ in 1951 and after a protracted period of distribution near the 80 mark, the price slowly receded to a low of 57⅞ in February of this year. The advance that got underway in the spring brought the stock to a June high of 75 and to the time of writing the price has oscillated in a narrow range between 72 and 74.

With a strong financial structure and long range prospects that include the development of the Gaspé Copper Mines property, where some 67 million tons of



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LOBLAW GROCETERIA CO. LIMITED

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By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary

Toronto, July 15, 1954.

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Gin Distillers to the late King George VI
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BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Finest
DRY GIN
Definitely Superior!
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Brazilian Traction

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased some Brazilian Traction at $10. I feel rather dubious about this investment. I would appreciate your candid opinion regarding its prospects.—H.T.M., Calgary.*

With cash dividends resumed and the market for the stock thoroughly shaken down by the events of the past several months, this stock appears to be a reasonable hold for income at the present time.

With the stock currently trading around the $8 mark, the risk of a considerable capital loss seems quite small. The worst the extensive selling of last January could do was to force the stock down to 6⅞ and it appears that good support will again be available near the low on any subsequent decline.

Should a dip to around 7 be forced by general market conditions, the stock would appear to be a buy for a short term trade.

British Empire Oil

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion on the proposal to reorganize British Empire Oil Company Limited and join the company with the Arrow Drilling Company.—S.E.W., Toronto.*

The notice to shareholders, dated July 9, 1954, states that shareholders will be called upon to vote upon the reduction of the 5 million common shares presently authorized, to 1 million shares and the subsequent creation of 9 million additional shares to bring the authorized shares to a total of 10 million of 10 cents par value.

If this recapitalization is approved, 4 million shares will be issued to the shareholders of the Arrow Drilling Company in exchange for all the issued share capital of Arrow.

Further reading discloses that John H. Bevel and Robert Curran, both directors of British Empire, each hold 749.7 shares of preferred stock and 375 shares of common stock of Arrow at a price of $1.00 a share. If the offer made to British Empire by the stockholders of Arrow is accepted, they will each receive 374,900 shares of the common stock of British Empire. If the share capital of British Empire were reduced to one-fifth, they would be worth $1.00 per share at the present market price of 20 cents.

In return for the 4 million shares, British Empire would receive net oil reserves of 146,289 barrels, which, it is stated, has a future net cash realization of $311,281, and the other assets of the company, which include 24 drilling rigs of unstated value.

The predecessor of Arrow Drilling Company held some fully developed oil producing properties. These were acquired by Gas-Oil Dealers Incorporated and sold to Long-Shot Oil Company Limited, subject to a reserved oil payment of $2,420,000. Robert Curran, as trustee, purchased 375 shares (12½ per cent of 3,000 shares issued and outstanding) and an additional 375 shares of Long-Shot Oil at a price of $1.00 per share.

Finally, the president's letter states that British Empire now is merely a land-holding company. It has no productive acreage at the present time. On page 38 of the Progress Report, issued over the signature of John H. Bevel, it was stated: "The Campbell field has resulted in the oil reserve status of British Empire Oil being increased to over 1 million barrels, according to reliable estimates". In the report dated October, 1953, total oil reserves were reported at 286,020 barrels. There seems to be a discrepancy in these statements.

One of the main causes of the weak financial position of the company is in the manner in which the deficit of $962,-865.50, reported at July 31, 1953, was incurred. The president stated, "$252,800 represents expenditures which resulted in unproductive development. Further, your company, due to stock market conditions, suffered a loss of $146,200 on sale of securities. In addition to this, your directors felt that a provision for possible future loss on such securities should be made, and accordingly an amount of $434,000 was written off."

It appears from all this that the affairs of this company warrant extensive examination. It is understood that a Shareholders' Protective Committee has been formed to contest the proposals put forward by the directors.

Certainly it appears that not only the shareholders, but the Toronto Stock Exchange, the Ontario Securities Commission and the public in general are entitled to some explanations.

American Leduc

I HOLD *2,500 shares of American Leduc Petroleums, bought at $1.00. I understand a block of shares was underwritten by some financial house and I wonder if they took up the option. Is it*

advisable to hold these shares or sell them?—C. L., Montreal.

Last January 400,000 shares were underwritten for cash at 25 cents and options taken on 200,000 at 30 cents and 200,000 at 35 cents. These blocks were reported as being taken up early in May.

From the 1953 high of 36 the stock drifted down to a low of 22, and, with no options outstanding on the remaining 700,000 shares in the treasury, there is little promise of any market activity developing now.

With $230,000 in new capital provided by the sale of the blocks of stock, the company will be able to continue its drilling activities around Newcastle, Wyoming, where it holds a 25 per cent interest in a 320-acre block where one successful well has been completed and a 50 per cent interest in a 160-acre block now being drilled.

Like a good many other western oil companies ARL's oil reserve position is unstated, but the price of the stock indicates that it is not too robust.

As it is impossible even to guess what the stock is worth, and the only hope of its advancing depends upon the location and production of a considerable amount of oil, it seems a toss-up as to whether you should accept a loss of 80 per cent of your capital or suffer it out in hope of a recovery.

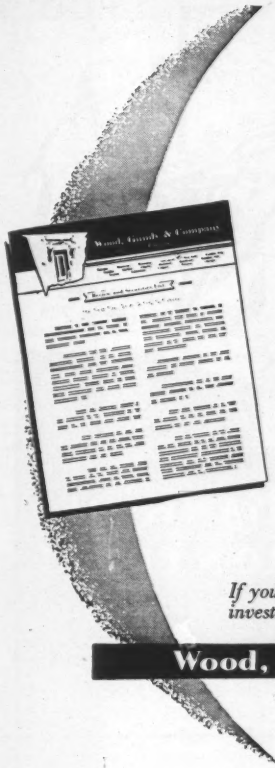
Noranda Mines

I WOULD *be grateful for your opinion as to the advisability of holding Noranda as a long term project. I purchased my shares approximately 10 years ago at $60-$65.—C. S. D., Edmonton.*

Noranda Mines is one of the major mining companies of this country. Its interests in mining projects are wide and varied. Directly or indirectly it controls a large number of companies, chief of which are Kerr-Addison Gold Mines and Mining Corporation. Through its control of Canada Wire & Cable Company and Canadian Copper Refiners, it is also an important manufacturer of many products.

Like all mining companies, its stock has fluctuated over a broad range. In 1946 the stock registered a high of 72¾ and in 1947 it declined sharply to a low of 42. From that point the broad advance carried the price to a high of 86½ in 1951 and after a protracted period of distribution near the 80 mark, the price slowly receded to a low of 57⅞ in February of this year. The advance that got underway in the spring brought the stock to a June high of 75 and to the time of writing the price has oscillated in a narrow range between 72 and 74.

With a strong financial structure and long range prospects that include the development of the Gaspé Copper Mines property, where some 67 million tons of



With Our Compliments

If you would like to receive our "Review and Securities List" as published, telephone or write to our nearest office.

The "Review" contains articles of current investment interest, brief descriptions of new offerings and a list of selected Government, Municipal and Corporation securities and their prices.

Investors find the "Review" a useful investment aid. We will gladly send you copies.

If you have an investment question—ask us.

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London, Ont. Kitchener Regina Calgary
Edmonton Victoria London, Eng.
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Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

LOBLAW GROCETERIA CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending August 31, 1954, payable on the 1st day of September, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 4th day of August, 1954. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary

Toronto, July 15, 1954.

For help in the planning of all kinds of
Sales Promotion Printing

saturday night press

71 Richmond St. W., Toronto

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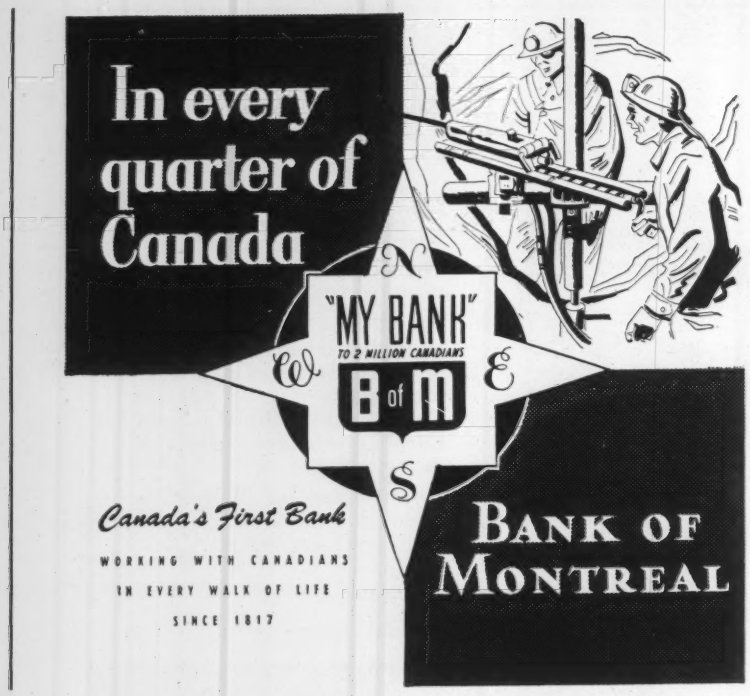
In every quarter of Canada
"MY BANK"
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M
Canada's First Bank
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817
BANK OF MONTREAL

A FAMOUS SERVICE TO EUROPE
IRELAND • ENGLAND
FRANCE • HOLLAND
A new high in gracious living afloat is attained on Holland-America Line ships—with their centuries-seasoned heritage of seamanship, immaculate shipkeeping, warm hospitality, friendly, courteous service, and famed Continental cuisine.
NIEUW AMSTERDAM
Mighty flagship of the fleet, with acres of decks for sports and relaxation, swimming pools, shops, cinema, night clubs, gymnasium, solarium, sumptuous salons.
Regular sailings from New York to SOUTHAMPTON-LE HAVRE-ROTTERDAM by NIEUW AMSTERDAM, MAASDAM and RYNDAM . . . Direct to ROTTERDAM by deluxe one-class motor-twins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM. Monthly service to COBH, IRELAND, by the RYNDAM or MAASDAM.
RYNDAM—MAASDAM
Celebrated twin thriftliners, completely air-conditioned. Smart, sleek, modern—featuring virtual run-of-ship privileges for tourist class passengers.
"It's good to be on a well run ship"
Holland-America Line
MONTREAL: The Laurentien, Dominion Square, Montreal 2, P. Q.
WINNIPEG: Room 405, Royal Bank Building, Winnipeg, Man.
TORONTO: 38 Melinda Street, Toronto 1, Ontario
VANCOUVER: 591 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, B. C.
Special Holiday Sailing from HALIFAX MAASDAM NOV. 25
To EUROPE by Netherlands Government Vessels
Low fares. High standards of Dutch seamanship, cleanliness and traditional friendliness. Ample room for recreation and fun. Good, plentiful menu.
From Quebec to Southampton and Rotterdam: Groote Beer Aug. 21. To Rotterdam: Johan van Oldenbarnevelt Aug. 28; Groote Beer Oct. 2. From New York to Southampton and Rotterdam: Waterman Aug. 11. To Rotterdam: Waterman Sept. 4; Sibajak Sept. 13.
Directorate-General of Shipping (Ministrie van Verkeer en Waterstaat) The Hague, The Netherlands. Holland-America Line, Agents.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

copper-ore have been indicated, the future of the company seems as good as any mining and manufacturing company could be.

Considering the broad trading swings that have occurred in the price of the stock since 1946, it hardly seems good tactics to hold for dividends through moves of more than 25 points. In these times of rapid change and heavy taxes on income, the investor, even the long term one, must be prepared to take capital gains and hold them for reinvestment when stock prices cycle downwards.

On the present dividend of $3.00 per year, the yield at 75 of 4 per cent indicates the stock is entering a selling range and the heavy banks of distribution above 75 would seem to be a block to further progress.

Any further advance in the price would warrant the consideration of switching your capital into a high grade preferred stock where a yield of 4½ per cent or better is available, with the object of replacing your stock near the support level indicated by this year's low.

In Brief

I AM HOLDING *2,000 shares of El Pen-Rey Oils and Mines, bought in 1951 at 24 cents. Will you please advise if this company is likely to be active again. Is there any point in holding on any further? —R.N.S., Edmonton.*

Who likes funerals?

I HAVE *some shares of Barvue Extensions. Can you give me any information about the company?—N.J., Vancouver.*

Renamed Quebalta and apparently folded up.

I HOLD *a considerable amount of shares of Merrill Island, bought at an average of 55 cents. Is it worth holding?—M.C.D., Montreal.*

Seems fair.

I HAVE *a large block of United Oils and I would appreciate your advice on the advisability of holding them over the next year or two. The current price of 90 cents is well below the $1.50 I paid.—T.B.C., Winnipeg.*

Seems more like a buy than a sale here.

I HOLD *shares in Sturgis Lake Mines, bought in 1929. Is this Company still in existence and are the shares of any value?—P.L., Edmonton.*

Just wallpaper.

•

The number of queries received is so large that it is impossible, unfortunately, to answer each one in time for the information to be of benefit to the questioner. All queries are carefully considered, however, and an effort is made to discuss the questions which appear to be of the greatest general interest.

Who's Who in Business

"A Pedlar at Heart"

By J.W. Bacque

A CHEERFUL, RELAXED attitude is not too common in a successful business man, but W. E. Williams, president of Procter and Gamble (Canada) has it in abundance. And he has it despite his strenuous career as a soap salesman in the U.S.

Mr. Williams likes to use vivid expressions, and he describes his Procter and Gamble work during the 1930s this way: "I wasn't a very good ad man—I was too youthful, too impetuous, too much in a hurry. So I went into sales, working the two bit grocery stores. I'm just an old pedlar at heart."

Ashley & Crippen

W. E. WILLIAMS

As supervisor of the U.S. Company's B unit around Pittsburgh, from 1935 to 1940, he covered about forty thousand miles per year in his car, working an 80-hour, seven - day week. "Everyone predicted my imminent collapse," he says. "Part of the reason I did it was Welsh stubbornness, I guess, but I'm glad now."

Despite the fact that "business was a sad, sad thing," Mr. Williams doubled the sales volume in his territory in five years. "The people there were mostly coal miners or poor farmers," he says, "many of them living in tar-paper shacks on the sides of the hills, on fifteen or sixteen dollars a week for a whole family. There wasn't much money for soap. A young man had to hold onto a job until his finger nails bled in those days. But all of a sudden, bang! I ended up in Milwaukee as district manager, with a fine house and two children."

After a year there, he was promoted to district manager for the Detroit area, the company's second largest in the U.S. In his first year, Mr. Williams turned in the biggest percentage increase in sales of all U.S. districts. It was the first time in over a decade that the district had led all others, and Mr. Williams comments: "It was for my own benefit to do it. I think everyone in business is stimulated by the old carrot-on-a-stick idea."

When he arrived in Canada in 1947, Procter and Gamble was little more than a branch office operation in Toronto; now, it is an independent manufacturing, research and sales unit, and the main factory, says the president, "has in it everything known to science in the way of new machinery."

"The production capacity has been doubled in seven years, and the over-all number of employees has more than doubled. We can make anything as well as anyone in the world, and better than most people, including our plants in the States. The factory and the new office building have been very pleasing things to me."

Mr. Williams has, outside business, an unusually wide range of interests. He likes to take colored photographs (his office is lined with his own pictures), listen to good music, and drive fast cars (a Jaguar, a Cadillac, and soon, he hopes, a Mercedes Benz). His favorite reading is history and economics.

He favors keen competition between businesses, and he values what he calls "good selling" above everything else. He is not afraid to disagree sharply with his business associates, and he vehemently condemns the idea that industry can run along in a contented, unambitious attitude. "Go out and sell," he says, "because nothing bad can happen to you if you sell hard to all the market all the time."

He admits that, because the company has moved him around a good deal, he has sacrificed much in the way of close relationships outside the family. "I noticed that particularly when I came to Toronto," he said. "There is a whole herd of business men here who are content to stay in one pasture. I would like to have had my roots down and established, but other things make up for it. It's pleasant, but not vital."

Luckett's

"The Complete Loose Leaf Line"

Famous for supplying a quality product for every office need

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Luckett's have a distinguished history of specializing in Loose Leaf of every description . . . from the popular Biltrite Sectional Post Binder to Ring Books — Memo Books — Visible Record Binders—Ledger Binders—Transfer Binders — and Sheets and Indexes.

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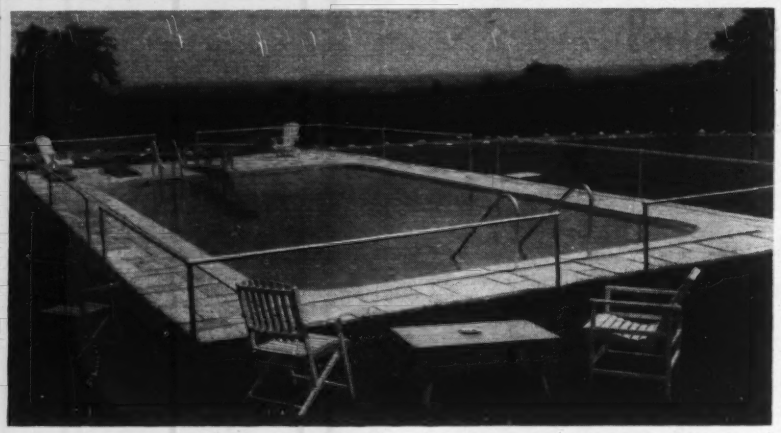

Lynch-built swimming pool at the beautiful Caledon East Horseshoe Farm of W. W. Robinson.

Beautifully Cool and Clear!

Ever dream of having a beautiful pool like this . . . with clean, refreshing water, safe, healthful and conveniently located right in your own back yard?

You can have one, ready for use, in just ten days.

A Lynch Gunite Pool is a sound investment in fun and health that will improve the value of your property beyond the expenditure.

Don't deprive yourself of this pleasure any longer.

Write or phone now.

LYNCH POOLS

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By Appointment
Gin Distillers
To the Late King George VI
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

there's no gin like Gordon's

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

T5K

Advertising

Lick & Promise

By John Carlton

THE Agricultural Press Association of Canada is sorely puzzled. Speaking for its member papers it deplores the fact that makers of toilet soaps spent only $2,271 advertising in farm papers last year, compared with $396,838 in "publication advertising". The same announcement adds that "farm families use other toilet goods, too; but last year publication advertisers directed only $18,375 out of $1,208,094 straight at them". This advertising outlay in farm papers, APAC considers, is totally inadequate for the market, bearing in mind that "official Canada is actively interested in farming". This is described as a significant proportion of the whole Canadian market and deserving of more than "a lick and a promise".

Lack of interest in the farm market by the toilet soap and perfume industries is, according to the association, "a natural enough tendency for advertising managers, account executives and space buyers whose surroundings and contacts are entirely urban". It is possible, also, that the APAC resents the implied and totally unwarranted assumption that farm families are indifferent to toilet soaps and scents.

Another gentle prod is administered to manufacturers generally by the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association. An ad pictures a highly exasperated and frustrated female who "saw a manufacturer's advertisement, was sold, and has been looking for the product ever since, because the announcement didn't tell her where to buy. Stores handling other lines have tried to sell this woman a competitive product and if she hasn't given in yet, she will eventually." This unhappy outcome can be avoided, the advertiser is informed, if he will use "hookers" in the form of dealers' signatures indicating where the product is available locally.

Business papers are also on the warpath. Starch Reader Studies are being extended by Gruneau Research Limited to seven publications in this field, each of which will serve as a "Copy Research Laboratory". The research techniques will be the same as those now being applied by Daniel Starch and Staff in the United States to a wide range of industrial publications. Reports will show the relative importance of different headlines, illustrations, copy appeals, layout devices, and so on. The objective will be to indicate how industrial advertisers can expose their advertising to more readers without increasing space costs.

Newton

women

PLAYING *in summer stock: above Andrée Cunningham of Ottawa, with the Caravan Players, a new venture near Sarnia; right, Josephine Barrington of Toronto, a guest star in August with the International Players of Kingston; below, Lynne Gorman, of Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre, now starring with the Mountain Playhouse, Montreal.*

McKague

Newton

Conversation Pieces:

SENATOR Muriel Fergusson (NB) recently came out before her fellow senators with some interesting reflections on both sexes. "We women who have been in the professions and business," said the Senator, "know it is one of the facts of life that if we are to be considered as good as a man we actually have to be twice as good, and to work twice as hard." The Senator's statement reverses Dr. Johnson's famous dictum about women preachers. The remarkable thing about successful professional and business women, it seems, isn't that they are able to stand on their hind legs, but that they are twice as good as most men in accomplishing the feat.

Sex discrimination can be a very troublesome nettle, no matter how expertly it is handled. "I am one who does not believe that women should be discriminated against in matters of this kind," said Mr. Abbott, recently, when, as Finance Minister, he was piloting his compulsory insurance bill for civil servants through the House of Commons. Mr. Abbott was arguing for the inclusion of women civil servants in the insurance scheme. As it turned out, 91 per cent of the women polled on the insurance question were indignant at the Finance Minister, and ready to hug discrimination. The unmarried ones objected to contributing to the support of non-existent dependents. The married ones regarded their husbands as their insurance policies. Both groups were incensed at the notion of a government check-off for debatable benefits. In the meantime, Mr. Abbott gallantly pushed the anti-discriminatory scheme through, leaving the beneficiaries to fume. Ah, well, you can't have your chivalry and take it home in your pay envelope too.

One woman who never hesitates to announce her calling by name is Mrs. Kay Thorburn of London, England. Mrs. Thorburn's diploma describes her as a Rodent Operative. Mrs. Thorburn describes herself as a rat-catcher. She has no romantic notions about being a Pied Piper. Dressed in a long suit jacket, a pair of baggy trousers and an old felt hat, she hustles about her territory in a truck loaded with rat-poison. "Most women have a secret fancy," she explained to an interviewer. "Mine is catching rats. You should see the looks when I break the news casually at a cocktail party!"

Summer cottagers who have to deal with problems of cast-away row-boats, lost picnic parties and uninvited week-end guests will be sympathetic to the difficulties of Gerard Normandin of Granby, Quebec. Mr. Normandin woke up one morning to find that an island 250 feet square had drifted into the bay in front of his private beach and settled there. What is the procedure in this situation? Does one advertise for the owners of lost islands? Hold the island for storage charges? Or plant it with the flag and claim it for the Commonwealth? In this case, the resident, after vainly trying to get rid of his island had it towed out a suitable distance and grounded. He now plans to terrace it, connect it to the property with an ornamental bridge and use it as a *plaisance*. The problem of who pays taxes on visiting islands can be left to the Department of Internal Revenue.

Jerry Campbell of Ashley & Crippen

READY *for the fairway: l to r, Sheila Roy, Mrs. Campbell McKenzie and Dr. Florence Quinlan, of the Ladies' Golf and Tennis Club of Toronto, Thornhill, Ont.*

Fare for Fairway Fans

COMPANY CASSEROLE

From Mrs. George S. Haldimand, Honorary Lady President, Summerlea Golf & Country Club, Montreal

For lunch or an informal supper, on cool golfing days, Mrs. Haldimand has a favorite casserole dish. The ingredients include:

1 green pepper (chopped)
can of condensed mushroom soup
½ cup of milk
¼ lb. medium strong cheese (grated)
2 cans (7 oz. size) of tuna fish
½ lb. freshly cooked noodles

Chop and cook the green pepper in 1 tbsp. of butter until tender. Add the can of mushroom soup and the milk. (Mrs. Haldimand also adds mushrooms, freshly cooked or canned (½ to 1 tin), because her family is fond of a mushroom flavor.) These ingredients are heated, stirring until smooth. Then the grated cheese is added, as well as the drained and flaked tuna fish. When well heated, stir in the freshly cooked noodles. Top with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven. This casserole dish serves 6 to 8 people and can be prepared ahead of time, a boon to a golfing hostess.

PLANKED SALMON

From Mrs. A. C. Hutchison, President, Liverpool Ladies Golf Club, Liverpool, N.S.

Mrs. Hutchinson asked an expert in her neighborhood how to plank a salmon in true Nova Scotian style:

Prepare a birch plank, 2½ inches thick and 3 feet long by 1 foot wide. Heat the plank in front of an open fireplace (or barbeque) until the plank is really hot. Allow a couple of hours for this. The plank should be turned around occasionally to prevent burning and also to heat every inch of it.

While the plank is heating, prepare the salmon by splitting it down the back, removing the head, entrails, fins and all the bones. Season the salmon with salt and pepper and sprinkle with flour. When the plank is hot, place the salmon on it, skin side down, and fasten it into position by nailing twigs across the salmon. Two twigs should be nailed across the salmon diagonally, with three more across the width.

Place the salmon in front of the fire to cook. Count on about two minutes for each pound of fish. The hot plank cooks the part of the fish next to the plank, while the open fire cooks the front. The salmon is served from the plank.

RUSSIAN BORSCH

From Mrs. Florence Skinner, House Manager, Ladies Golf & Tennis Club, Thornhill, Ont.

Near Toronto is one of the best known women's golf clubs. From Mrs. Skinner came this recipe for a thick soup that is a meal in itself. The ingredients are simple:

1½ lb. beef
2 cooking onions
2 cloves of garlic
1 bay leaf
6 beets
6 carrots
sour cream.

First, make a beef stock of the cooked beef (cut in small pieces), the 2 cloves of garlic and the bay leaf. Cook the stock for 1½ hours. Cook the beets and the carrots separately to preserve their color; then strain them separately through a coarse sieve. When the beef stock is ready, combine 2 quarts of it with the beets and carrots. Serve the soup in individual dishes, add a blob or two of sour cream on the top and squeeze a little lemon juice at the side. The soup can be served cold or hot. If serving cold, add cucumber slices, to be eaten with it.

CHICKEN RICE CASSEROLE

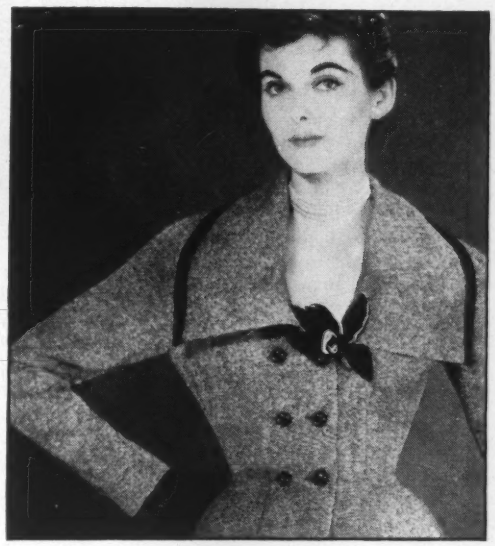
From Roy Beaton, Chef, Summerlea Golf & Country Club, Montreal

From the chef of this famous Montreal links comes a recipe for a dish that is a popular luncheon specialty. The ingredients include:

3 cups cooked rice
2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 (4 oz.) can chopped pimentos
½ cup mushrooms
½ cup blanched almonds
1¾ cup chicken broth
1½ tbsp. flour
1 tsp. curry powder

Combine the rice and the pimentos. Place half of the mixture in a greased casserole. Then add in alternating layers the remaining rice, the chicken, almonds and mushrooms. Over it pour the chicken broth and add salt, pepper and the curry powder. Place in oven and cook for about one hour at 350°. This dish should serve eight people.

JACKET BOWS *are in the New York Fall collections. Here they adorn a faille suit-dress.*

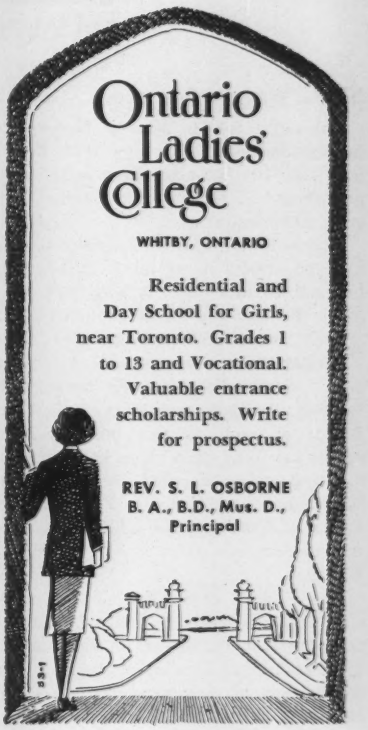


LARGE *collars are of interest on suits, even on a pepper-and-salt tweed, as here.*

Fashion Trends for Fall

BOW-SLUNG *ties are important, especially of ribbon, or contrast satin, as here.*

Photos: Couture Group of the New York Dress Institute.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Ladies'
College
WHITBY, ONTARIO
Residential and Day School for Girls, near Toronto. Grades 1 to 13 and Vocational. Valuable entrance scholarships. Write for prospectus.
REV. S. L. OSBORNE
B. A., B.D., Mus. D.,
Principal

Letters

Scots Unconquered

THE ARTICLE (The Rise of Nationalism in Scotland and Wales by Ivor Brown, S.N. July 10) is well written and thought provoking. . . However, the writer is in error historically. . .

Wales quite true was conquered by England—but it is not much credit to the England of that day. It was done by a much stronger and better equipped nation against a small and heroic people. . .

Scotland was never conquered by England. Scotland's national heroes, Sir William Wallace and King Robert the Bruce, as well as the brave Scottish people sacrificed their all to keep Scotland free and truly succeeded. Bruce's victory at Bannockburn, June 24, 1314, and the Treaty of Northampton, 1329, buried forever the English claim to overlordship of Scotland.

The Crowns of England and Scotland were united by the accession of James VI of Scotland to the throne of England also when he became James I of England. The two Parliaments became one in the Treaty of Union, 1707, in the reign of Queen Anne.

Our beloved Queen's title is not Queen of England, although often referred to as such, but this is historically wrong. Her title is Queen of the United Kingdom, etc. . .

Russell, Ont. (REV.) THOMAS MCNAUGHT

CBC Criticism

A CORRESPONDENT objects to your "McCarthy-like attacks on the CBC". My criticism is that you are much too mild and infrequent in your criticism of this greatest hoax ever perpetrated on an apathetic and shortsighted people . . . To anyone with an ounce of intelligence these things must be obvious:

A government agency which has complete control over any medium of information and entertainment is a direct threat to freedom. It inevitably becomes a propaganda arm of the Government—particularly when one party has a long, uninterrupted period in office.

Also, a culture is fostered and "defended" not by any government agency, but by the intelligence and creativeness of the nation—of the working artists, writers, dancers, athletes, miners, farmers, fishermen and so on, who among them weave the fibre of a nation. The pseudo-intellectualism of the CBC is a nauseating, bastard product, conceived by a handful of shallow people who have spent a few months in Europe and have been unable to get over it.

Also, the CBC has made a farce of its announced intention of promoting Canadian talent. Independent operators have done far more to find and employ talent . . . One has only to watch CBC-TV for a week to realize that the CBC is importing and using far more "canned" U.S. and British talent than "live" Canadian programs . . .

Ottawa RICHARD FRISBIE

Honest Appraisal?

YOU QUOTE an Indian visitor saying of Canada, "You have the courtesy of the French, the sagacity of the British and the dynamic initiative of the American". Are we to take this claptrap seriously? Canadians would like to believe it, of course, but it would be much nearer the mark to say that we have assimilated from the French a narrow nationalism, from the British parsimonious caution and from the Americans lack of social and mental discipline.

Generalities are always full of pitfalls, but what must an honest appraisal of an average Canadian be? He is a product of indifferent schooling, with the result that he can only parrot the opinions of others; he is full of initiative—after someone else has shown him the way; he is scared to death of individualism, suspects brilliance, deserves the kind of government he gets, thinks anyone with an original turn of mind is either Communist or queer, and rates success strictly on a dollar basis. He is, in brief, a pretty sad sack . . .

The sooner we quit patting ourselves on the back and begin to see ourselves as we really are—drab little fish in a big muddy puddle—the sooner will we acquire the first quality of a true nation—a national sense of humor . . .

Calgary EMLYN JONES

Of Many Things

WE HEAR a great deal from some church members about keeping the Sabbath quiet and so on. I concur that this is an estimable aim, to have at least one day of quiet during the week. But why do church-goers not practise what they preach? The ringing of bells from early morning on I can stand, but when, added to this clanging, there are roaring motors and blasting horns of the vehicles parking in such a way as to create traffic hazards close to every church, I object . . . Some Sunday mornings sound like a session at a stock-car race . . .

Montreal PAUL CARON

IF HALF the money spent on tobacco in this country were put into smoke and dust control in our cities, we would none of us have so many worries about lung cancer.

Winnipeg HOWARD HENDERSON

GOOD for Hugh MacLennan. Anything sillier than *Operation Alert* (SATURDAY NIGHT, July 24) it would be difficult to devise. Let's stop playing and get down to the business of doing something sensible about civil defence.

Montreal JEAN LACHASSE

WHICH ONE of the paintings reproduced in SATURDAY NIGHT, July 10, is the stolen one? Does such an illegitimate purchase make the Government of Canada a receiver of stolen goods?

Galt, Ont. ANDREW CUNNINGHAM

EDITOR'S NOTE: None. The stolen picture was an earlier acquisition, a Gainsborough water-color, taken from the collection of the Rt. Hon Malcolm MacDonald, former High Commissioner to Canada, and sold to the National Gallery. The Government would follow legal procedure.

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The Passing Show

Biter Bit

By John B. Kennedy

A VENDETTA between two poker cronies came to a climax when Westbrook Pegler and the Hearst papers lost a libel suit to Quentin Reynolds to the tune of $175,000 damages, $1 compensatory—a palpably appealable decision.

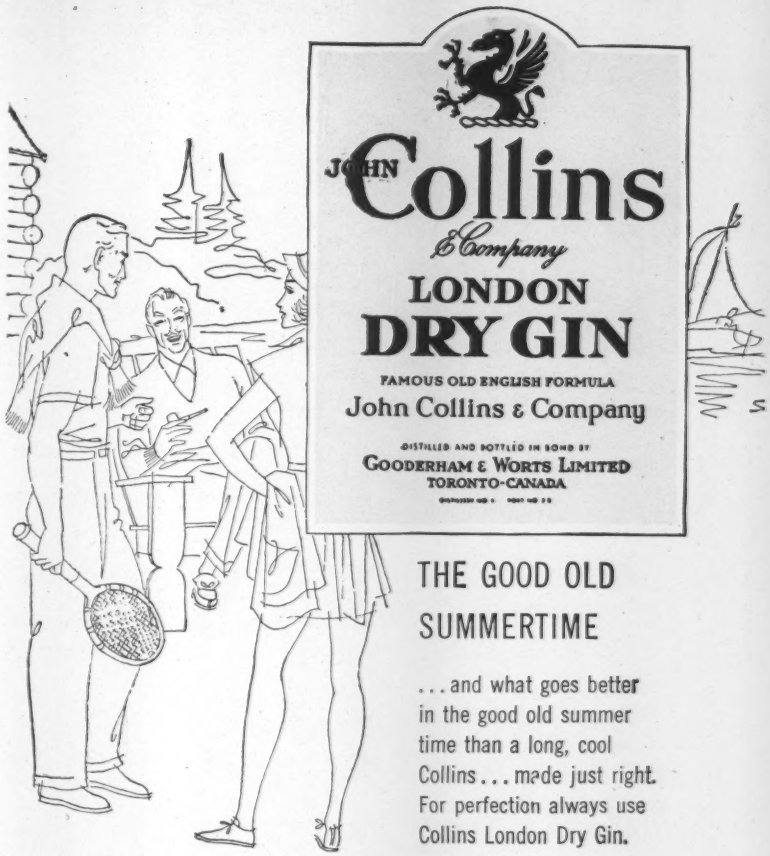
I've known the two of them long, and liked them both. Each blossomed as a sports writer, making no mark of consequence until Pegler developed a talent for mordant scolding and World War Two gave Reynolds full scope for mawkish melodrama.

The two men are a contrast in personality and purview. Pegler is big, choleric and pugnacious, impeccable in family life. A torrent in conversation, he's a faltering public speaker. He detests prowling waiters, labor goons and Walter Winchell. He's a political muckraker, holding the opinion that there isn't anything else to do with muck but rake it; his shattering of the skeletons in the Roosevelt closets and of Henry Wallace's occultism became rodomontade and boring. An arch-foe of gossip, he was hoist with the petard of his own scandal-sniping.

Reynolds is also big, a former footballer from Brown University's Iron Men—who would have been mere cast-iron for an outfit like Notre Dame. "Quent" (so called in the pubs) has curls, a deep, pedestrian voice, a blithe thirst on two feet and a chopped-salad style of anecdote. He's written the biography of Sam Leibowitz, famed criminal lawyer converted to dour judge—and also Willie Sutton, sybaritic yegg. He is a shrewd and affable reporter who can call Churchill "Winnie" in reminiscences. He could live through the blitz and film the classic "London Can Take It", and yet be taken in by a phoney Munchausen—"The Man Who Wouldn't Talk"—blastingly exposed by a Calgary newsman.

Pegler charged Reynolds with being a safety-first war reporter, a nude gamboller in female company on public highways and a widow's gallant at her husband's funeral. By unrevealed mathematics a jury assessed this at $175,000 worth of 'scutcheon-smearing—a jury that took umbrage at Pegler's mockery of the Abraham Lincoln Spanish Loyalist brigade as "the Abies". Pegler, by contract, appears immune from mulcting. Reynolds, if he gets it less tax, will spend it.

The lesson in libel? The pen is flightier than the sword and never give anybody a piece of your mind.



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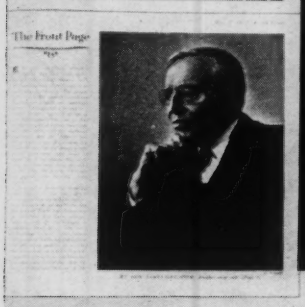
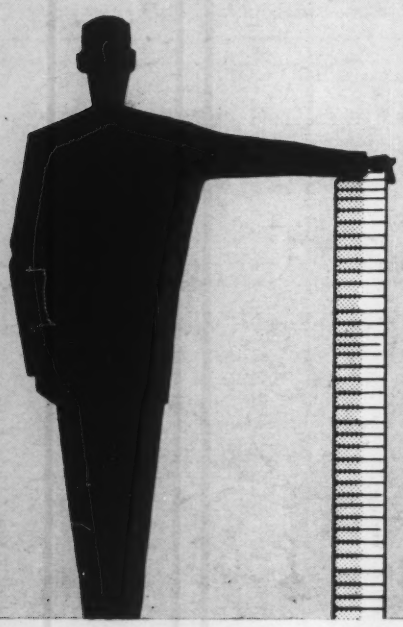
Saturday Night



They can afford the abundant life.



The figure at left represents the reader of Saturday Night. His income is almost three times the national average.
Yet it costs no more per reader to reach this select consumer through the pages of Saturday Night.

Augu